

THE SEMI-CENTENNIAL OF IOWA

---

A RECORD

OF THE

COMMEMORATION

OF THE

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY

OF THE

SETTLEMENT OF IOWA,

HELD AT BURLINGTON.

JUNE 1, 1883.

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BURLINGTON:  
HAWKEYE BOOK AND JOB PRINTING HOUSE.  
1883.



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# FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY

OF THE

## SETTLEMENT OF IOWA.

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### PRELIMINARY ARRANGEMENTS.

At a meeting of the citizens of Burlington, held April 20, 1883, at the Board of Trade Rooms, to take the initial steps for a fitting Celebration of the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Settlement of Iowa, Hon. A. G. Adams was called to the chair, and on motion of Hon. Lyman Cook it was

*Resolved*, That the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Birthday of Iowa be celebrated in Burlington on Friday, the first day of June next, and that an Executive Committee, with General Dodge as Chairman, be appointed to carry the resolution into effect.

The Committee was constituted as follows:

Hon. A. C. Dodge, Hon. John Patterson, Hon. Lyman Cook, Hon. John G. Foote, Robert Donahue, John W. Burdette.

The Committee immediately proceeded to the duty assigned them pursuant to their arrangements, and with the hearty co-operation of various Committees, of the citizens of Burlington, and of a great company of people from different portions of the State, the first day of June, 1883, was made a Gala-Day. A record of the Celebration is given in the following pages.

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### OFFICERS OF THE CELEBRATION.

President, Hon. A. C. Dodge; Vice Presidents, Hon. A. G. Adams, Thomas Hedge, Jr.

### COMMITTEE ON INVITATION.

Hon. A. C. Dodge, Ch'n., Hon. John H. Gear, Thomas Hedge, Sr., E. D. Rand, Hon. John Patterson, C. E. Perkins, Chas. Starker, Hon. C. H. Phelps, Hon. A. H. Stutsman, Hon. David Rorer, T. L. Parsons, J. W. Burdette.

### CHAIRMEN OF OTHER COMMITTEES.

On Finance, Hon. Lyman Cook; on Transportation, W. W. Baldwin; on Decoration, R. M. Washburn; on River Excursions, George W. Vinton; on Boat Club Program, Thomas Hedge, Jr.; on Music, James A. Guest; on Printing, C. C. Fowler; on Water Works Display, J. C. McKell; on Entertainment, S. H. Jones; on Arrangements, Hon. J. Patterson; on Reception, Hon. John Zaiser.

## THE DAY AND THE PEOPLE.

The morning dawned bright, clear, and cool. The auspicious and favorable weather was hailed with general joy. The people began streaming into the city at an early hour from the surrounding country, and on the trains and steamboats from every direction. The early trains were jammed with people, though additional coaches had been provided. The special trains brought thousands of visitors. On all the branch roads large delegations came in. On many of the trains, flat and box cars were attached to accommodate the crowd.

Business was generally suspended. The people entered into the Celebration with ardor and enthusiasm. The streets and public places were alive with a countless throng. The crowds were always good natured; order was universal. None were excited by the inconveniences incident to such an occasion, except to witty repartee and good humor. Never were the people of a city more cordial and sincere in their efforts to make a public festival pleasant to all comers, and no host could entertain a more delightful party of guests.

The various bands furnished music from an early hour in the morning until late at night, and every one was supremely happy. The day passed without an accident or unpleasant feature. Headquarters were at Grimes' Opera House, where baggage was checked free of charge, and other conveniences were provided.

## THE DECORATIONS.

There was a varied and brilliant display of decorations; bright flags and thousands of yards of bunting fluttered in the breeze from every building in the business portion of the city, and from many private residences on the hills. The street cars, carriages and vehicles sported the stars and stripes. The merchants vied with each other in the extent and elaborateness of their displays, making a harmonious whole. The city was a veritable bower of beauty, so handsome and striking were the decorations; while appropriate and beautiful devices with streamers of red, white, and blue were every where exhibited, with a profusion of flowers, evergreens and other trees.

The Mottoes were painted upon quarter inch iron frames, covered with muslin, and decorated with red, white, and blue, and evergreens.

At the Railway station, visitors were welcomed with banners bearing the inscription:

"WE GREET YOU.

FLINT HILLS, 1833.

BURLINGTON, 1883."

At the foot of Jefferson street (Steamboat Landing),

"WELCOME TO ALL; PIONEERS, OLD SETTLERS AND EVERY ONE, THRICE WELCOME."



On Main street, at the corner of Division street, a banner floated in the breeze with two large keys and the inscription :

"FREEDOM OF THE CITY; TAKE POSSESSION."

At the Railway crossing, Main and Market streets,

"WILDERNESS, 1833; FIRST TRAIN WEST, FEBRUARY, 1856; WHAT HATH TIME WROUGHT?"

"ONE HUNDRED TRAINS ARRIVE AND DEPART DAILY; IOWA, 6800 MILES OF RAILROAD; RAILROADS REACH EVERY COUNTY SEAT."

At the corner of Main and Valley streets, a picture of an ox team drawing a prairie schooner, with the words over them :

"GO WEST, YOUNG MAN."

On the reverse, a beautiful residence, with fountains and flowers, and the inscription :

"FIFTY YEARS AFTER."

A banner bore the inscription, "Big Injun, 1833" with the head of an Indian, and on the reverse, "Black Hawk—Peace to his Ashes." Another banner was inscribed, "First engine in Burlington, J. C. Hall"; and on the reverse a C. B. & Q. Mogul locomotive. Other inscriptions were :

"Flint Hills, 1833; (clasped hands) Glad to see you; Shake! Burlington, 1883."

"Shokokon, Flint Hills; After Fifty years, Burlington, the Orchard City; We Greet you."

"Burlington at Home; All are welcome; We receive to-day.

"Good Luck to all" (encircling an enormous horse shoe).

At Main and Washington streets (Telegraph office), "Slow coach, 1833;" The Hawkeye State; Telegraph, 1883."

The Hawkeye building displayed upon the cornice, the original name of the paper, "The Iowa Patriot," to which the present name was added Sept. 5, 1839.

The Gazette building was adorned with flags, evergreens, and a tablet with the inscription, "The oldest paper in Burlington", established in 1837.

On Jefferson street across Third, upon an elevated structure was a large star containing the word IOWA, with the date 1833—1883 on a medallion; above, "Fifty years, Half a century." On one side, a banner reading, "How time flies!" while the other side answers "Well! I should say so." The star and dates were pierced, and illuminated with gas in the evening.

At the intersection of Jefferson and Fourth streets, a large arch was erected, with evergreens and flags draped around and across. Surmounting the arch, was a monument with the inscription "Bunker Hill" and "1776". This also was handsomely illuminated. The Congregational church bore the legend "Organized 1838." Four flags floated in the breezy air on the tower.

Jefferson and Fifth streets—"Iowa the Beautiful; Iowa the Banner State; Iowa, This is the place."

"First White settlements; Dubuque, Buffalo, Burlington, Fort Madison, Keokuk."

Jefferson and Sixth streets—"Our Aids, the Press; Our school system unsurpassed; Our Guide, the Pulpit; Our Commerce; Our Manufactures; Our Industries."

Third and Valley streets—"We all rejoice; Fiftieth Anniversary; Our Golden Wedding; Congratulations; Be Happy with us."

Third and Washington streets—"Great Seal of Iowa; Our Liberties we prize, and our rights we will maintain."

"Garden of the West; Paradise of Health; Education and Progress."

Fourth and Washington streets—Wm. R. Ross, First Postmaster; S. S. White, the Founder of Burlington; J. B. Gray proposed the Name."

Fourth and Columbia streets—"July 1836, First Brick House erected on this corner." (South east corner; first brick laid by hands of Hon. David Rorer.)

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## THE FIREMEN'S PARADE—WATER WORKS DISPLAY— EXCURSIONS ON THE RIVER.

At 10 A. M. the Fire Department, led by Mr. William Franken, Chief Engineer, and Mr. Alloys Wilhelm, Assistant, with the hose carts, and the new wagon truck, all handsomely decorated with evergreens and numerous national flags of all sizes, marched through the principal streets. The Aledo Ladies' Band in front wafted sweet music to the ears of the admiring multitude that thronged the line of march; the Burlington Brass Band bringing up the rear with many excellent airs.

On reaching the Des Moines County Court House, the Display of the City Water Works took place at 11 A. M.; a two and one half inch stream was thrown from the corner of Main and Columbia streets, and at 11:15 A. M. five streams were playing simultaneously along Main street from Columbia on the north to Market on the south. A high wind at the time interfered considerably with the throwing of the water to a great height, but the display was very creditable. The two and one half inch stream thrown from the corner of Main and Columbia Streets reached a height of something over one hundred feet.

The steamer Maggie Reaney afforded excursions on the Mississippi river during the day.

## THE PROCESSION.

At noon, the booming of fifty guns from the South Hill reverberated over the city, and announced the Fifty Years completed since the removal by treaty of the confederated tribes of Sacs and Foxes from this part of Iowa, and the opening of the land to settlement.

The procession formed at the Market House at one o'clock, and paraded north to Fifth on Jefferson street; east on Jefferson to Main street; south on Main to Vine street; (counter marched by file right) on Main north to Division street; west on Division to Third street; north on Third to Jefferson street; west on Jefferson to Fourth street; North on Fourth street to the North Hill Park, in the following order:

## FIRST DIVISION.

City Marshal, Chas. O. Streed, Chief of Police, J. O. Smyth, mounted.  
A Platoon of Police uniformed.  
Chief Marshal, E. C. Blackmar, and his Orderly, Master Willie Potter.  
The Aledo Ladies' Band.  
Governor of Iowa, Hon. Buren R. Sherman; Mayor of Burlington,  
Hon. John Zaiser; in open carriage drawn by four white horses.  
Pioneers of 1833; Old Settlers; Officers of the Hawk-Eye Pioneer and  
Old Settlers Association of Des Moines County; in twenty carriages.  
A Drum corps.

## SECOND DIVISION.

Assistant Marshal, James A. Guest.  
The Orchard City Band.  
The Independent Order of Odd Fellows.  
The Ancient Order of United Workmen, Loyal to the Supreme Lodge.  
The United Ancient Order of Druids.

## THIRD DIVISION.

Assistant Marshal, Newton R. Derby.  
The Burlington Brass Band.  
The Ancient Order of Hibernians of Ottumwa and Burlington.  
The Knights of Pythias.  
The Ancient Order of United Workmen (State Lodge).  
Sumner Lodge No. 3 (colored) Masons.  
The German Mutual Aid Society.  
The Swedish Gotha Society.  
The Monmouth Band, from Monmouth, Ill.  
The Grip Sack Brigade of Traveling Salesmen.  
The Fire Department.

At least two thousand persons marched in the procession. It was twelve blocks in length

At the North Hill Park three stands were erected; on the South side, near the south-east corner; on the west side; on the North side; in front of each stand long rows of seats were arranged.

At the first stand General Dodge presided.

The following was the order of exercises :

PRAYER

By the Chaplain of the Day, William Salter.

Our Father who art in heaven,  
Hallowed be Thy name;  
We praise Thee, O God!  
We acknowledge Thee to be the Lord!

All the earth doth worship Thee, the Father everlasting. We thank Thee for this goodly land, that Thou hast blessed the settlement thereof, and given to Thy servants green fields, and pastures new, and cities fair, and happy homes, and schools and churches. Thou hast rewarded industry and toil, and filled the land with wealth and plenty.

O Lord, all this store has come of Thy bounty. We laud and magnify Thy name. We thank Thee for the memories of this day, and for the good providence which in fifty years has turned a wilderness into a free and prosperous commonwealth.

We implore Thy blessing upon this commemoration of Thy wonderful work, upon the pioneers and early settlers, and beseech Thee to cheer the evening of their days with thy grace and favor, and with glad assurances that their labors are not in vain in the Lord.

In the midst of our joy and gladness, deliver us, O Lord, from pride, vain glory, and hypocrisy, and may a due sense of thy mercies confirm our hearts in devotion and piety.

We beseech Thee to bless our rulers and magistrates, and help them to execute justice, and maintain public virtue and order. May vice and wickedness be driven away, and the blessings of knowledge, and of religion, pure and undefiled, be universally diffused. Be pleased to ameliorate human sorrow and woe, and give to every one a happy earthly lot in a sober, righteous and godly life. May the State of Iowa be filled with all things, true, and honest, and pure and lovely, and gain still higher measures of prosperity and honor.

Be pleased to grant, O, Lord, that our history for fifty years may commend the sacred principles of liberty, equality and fraternity to other lands, and encourage the disenthralment of all nations from oppression and wrong. May there be peace everywhere on earth and good will among men, and glory dwell in our land, and salvation be the portion of our children and children's children to the end of time. For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.

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PRESENTATION OF A HICKORY CANE FROM THE "HERMITAGE" TO THE  
PRESIDENT OF THE CELEBRATION, BY HON. B. J. HALL.

*General Dodge*:—Pardon a moment's interruption before proceeding to the regular order of the day. We all recognize in you the fitting Master of ceremonies, on this anniversary; but, for a moment,

we must insist you shall not have all things your own way. In this semi-centennial celebration, when our citizens, the old settlers and the new, have met to illustrate and commemorate the beginning and the growth of our young but noble State, no one could have been called upon to preside, in whose life and character could be found more that was illustrative of the splendid spirit and noble purposes of our people, and their institutions, than in yours. To you, more than to most men, it is the pride and consolation of all who have known or know you—and who is there who does not know you?—to turn with profoundest regard and admiration for a life of activity, energy, statesmanship and purity. To whatever station you have been called, whether on the field, in the Senate, or as the private citizen, you have faced the duties of the hour, and left undone nothing which it was in your power to accomplish. It is impossible to calculate the extent of your usefulness and influence in helping to realize the grand actualities which present themselves before us to-day. The origin, organization, and formation of the government of our early State; the protection and fostering encouragement granted it by the Federal Government; the policy of its laws and the humane character of its institutions, owe a debt of gratitude to you, that none of us can express, much less repay. Remembering that when you first gave your services to your country, it was to defend this western frontier from the cruel and relentless savage, and reclaim these fair plains for the civilization that now possesses it; under the administration of that immortal statesman and warrior, who now sleeps in the shade of the Hermitage; one of your friends and admirers has begged through me, to tender you this beautiful staff, cut by him from the precincts where sleeps the immortal Jackson. Please accept it as an emblem of purity, strength and power. It is straight as the line of honor which is capable of no deviation; of white clear hickory, its quality is to endure, and resist all enforcement but that of duty. And may you live long to be supported by it. But to you, better than all such physical aid and support, will be and must be the consolation you experience, when, in surveying that wonderful past, resting behind us in the last fifty years with all its marvelous growth and splendid development, you are conscious “that of much of this you have been a part, and all of it you have seen.”

To which General Dodge rejoined:—

Acceptable, as unexpected, is the gift of which I am the honored recipient.

If the motives of the friendly donor whose name I cannot imagine, and the language of my Ciceronian friend, Hall, were not so kind and complimentary, I would say that it is cruel at this juncture thus to surprise and embarrass me.

The cane, its material (hickory) and the locality whence it comes (the grave of Jackson), all tend to impart inestimable value to this handsome present.

Would that my lips were touched with a spark of the Promethean

fire, that I might express in language, beautiful as that in which I have been addressed, the feelings with which my heart swells on this occasion.

Having reached the steep declivity of human life and being now on its rapidly descending grade, I accept this cane, with a deep sense of gratitude to all through whose friendly hands it has come to me, and I shall use it as the staff of my declining years. I came here poor, I shall return home rich.

### ADDRESS OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE DAY, THE HONORABLE A. C. DODGE.

*Ladies and Gentlemen:*—Never to me was the performance of a duty more pleasing than that with which I am honored by my fellow-townsmen upon this occasion. In their name and my own I extend to you the hand of friendship, and offer you warm greetings and a most cordial welcome to the city of Burlington. Your presence in such large numbers upon this occasion is a source of pride and heartfelt gratification to us, and we sincerely hope may be equally pleasant to our visitors.

The day we celebrate is big with the destiny of Iowa. Deserving forever to be remembered is that first day of June, 1833, for it decreed that millions of freemen should find within her borders happy homes; yes,

"That spot of earth supremely blest,  
A nearer, dearer place than all the rest."

Iowa was born of the religious zeal of Marquette and Joliet, under the auspices of France. Beyond dispute, they were the first white men whose eyes ever beheld the Upper Mississippi and the land we inhabit, the signification of whose name is "None Such," or "This is the place"—Iowa.

The more southern portion, however, of our magnificent Valley was first seen by the brave but unfortunate Ferdinand De Soto, a representative of Spain, a Castilian by birth, and greatly distinguished as an officer under Pizarro, at the renowned conquest of Peru.

More than a century before the advent of the pious French Missionaries, the brave but misguided De Soto (1541) led upwards of six hundred steel clad warriors from Tampa Bay, Florida, to the Mississippi. They came sword in hand, through gloomy swamps, quagmires and almost impenetrable everglades, seeking springs whose waters it was represented would restore the beauty and activity of youth, and mountains containing the precious metals, such as he had seen in Peru and Mexico. Sorely pressed by sickness, starvation and Indian enemies, who contested his advance by all the means known to savage warfare, the doomed man and his little band finally reached the shores of our great river; not, however, to find in its sands the long sought gold, but a grave beneath its turbid waters, in which, by his own selection, in full uniform, he was appropriately buried May 21, 1542,

below Memphis, Tenn. Except to afford Moscoso, successor of De Soto, and his few forlorn followers, less than half their original number, an avenue of escape to the coast of Mexico, the discovery yielded no immediate benefit to Spain.

Next, after the ill-fated De Soto, to discover the Mississippi were James Marquette and Louis Joliet; they were French Catholic Missionaries, were of another race and impelled by totally different motives from those which animated the Spaniard. They came proclaiming "peace on earth and good will to men"; and surely no missionaries were ever more successful. Marquette, when told that they would be tomahawked by men who were always at war; that the great river itself was filled with horrid monsters which swallowed up men and canoes, and that the excessive heat would certainly cause his death, replied, that as far as the salvation of souls was concerned, he would be too happy to lay down his life in that cause. De Soto's exploration afforded them no assistance. It was not then known that the two rivers were one and the same. With five men in two bark canoes, and a small supply of Indian corn and dried meat, Marquette and Joliet left the Straits of Mackinaw, May 13, A. D. 1673. Ascending the waters of the St. Lawrence they worked their way up the Fox River from Green Bay, and overcoming all obstacles, not the least of which was the "Portage" (so-called), two miles in length between the Fox and Wisconsin Rivers, over which, on their shoulders, they transported their little crafts, and made historic forever the 17th of June, that being the day on which, "with joy unspeakable," said Marquette, opposite the present city of McGregor, Iowa, they dipped their paddles in the "Father of Waters." Great River! Like the ocean!

"Time writes no wrinkles on thine azure brow,  
Such as Marquette beheld, thou rollest now."

These remarkable men exhibited rare tact and talent in conciliating the savages with whom they came in contact, meeting them for the first time, June 25, within our borders at a noted feast upon the Des Moines. They are unquestionably entitled to the glory of the discovery of the Upper Mississippi, and of having navigated the same from the mouth of the Wisconsin to that of the Arkansas. This is worthy of special notice, because upon the result of their explorations the destiny of nations and states has been controlled. They were moreover beyond all question the first *white men who ever trod the soil of Iowa*. Neither fiction, poetry nor history display a heroism more lofty, an ambition more pure, and a faith more steadfast than that exhibited by these brave and disinterested Christian Missionaries.

France maintained her jurisdiction over the country thus discovered until 1763, when she ceded it to Spain. It was, however, grasped by the iron will of Napoleon in 1801.

The daring and ambitious first Consul had 25,000 French soldiers concentrated in the ports of Holland, under the command of Mar-

shal Victor, to take possession of Louisiana. But in the Providence of God, and by a feat of diplomacy unparalleled in great results, the author of our Declaration of Independence circumvented the Frenchman. Jefferson found the Mississippi, April 30th, 1803, our western boundary, and made it the center of the Republic. He reunited the two halves of this great Valley, and thus laid the foundation for the largest empire of freemen that time or earth has ever beheld.

The historian, Marbois, relates that after the conclusion of the treaty (1803), Napoleon remarked: "This cession of territory strengthens forever the power of the United States. I have this day raised up against England a maritime rival that will sooner or later humble her pride."

I must not omit to mention those *pioneers of pioneers*, Julien Dubuque and Louis Honore Tesson, natives of Canada, who obtaining "permits" looking to ownership of the soil, from the Spanish Governor of Upper Louisiana, settled respectively within the limits of Iowa. The former (Dubuque) came in 1788. His claim extended along the margin of the Mississippi, 21 miles in length, by 9 in depth, and was intended to embrace all the lead mines in that vicinity. He was successful in the object of his pursuit; sunk numerous shafts, discovered valuable lodes and manufactured, for that day, large quantities of lead. He was held in high esteem by all with whom he came in contact, especially the merchants and traders of St. Louis, Mo. He obtained a wonderful ascendancy over the natives which was augmented by a matrimonial alliance with an Indian lady of high rank, familiarly called, in our homely vernacular, "a Musquaquee squaw." As indicative of the high estimation in which Dubuque was held by his associates, white and red, they bestowed upon him the title of "The Little Knight" [Le Petit Chevalier]. He made an interesting and valuable report of his progress to Gen. Z. M. Pike, upon the occasion of the explorations of the Upper Mississippi made in 1805, by that officer.

Dubuque died in 1810, and was buried with distinguished honor upon the high bluff near the present beautiful and prosperous city of Dubuque, called like the county, in honor of him.

Soon after the death of Dubuque, Col. John Smith "T" of Missouri, a gentleman of remarkable enterprise and bravery came from St. Louis in a keel-boat with sixty men to prosecute the business of mining and smelting. He, with others, had purchased an interest in the Dubuque claim when it like Tesson's was sold at St. Louis. All Iowa then constituted a part of St. Louis county, Mo. The Musquaquees (Foxes) however, formed under the Chief Piamosky, in front of their village in hostile array, and successfully resisted the landing of Col. Smith and his men at Dubuque.

Louis Honore Tesson located at the head of the lower Rapids, (now Lee Co. Ia.,) March 30th, 1799, ostensibly to trade with the Indians; but he also cultivated a piece of ground, and planted an orchard on it. These apple trees were unquestionably the first ever raised in Iowa. They were the growth of seedlings transported



from St. Charles, Mo., in Mackinaw boats, propelled by the muscular power of the French boatman of that day.

More fortunate than the representatives of Dubuque's claim, the assignees of Tesson, (heirs of Thomas F. Reddick), triumphed in the Supreme Court of the United States, in pursuance of whose decision they obtained a patent signed by President Van Buren, for 640 acres of land, covering the original claim of Tesson. This is the oldest legal title to land within our State. It was in the litigation proceeding this celebrated case, so ably contested in all the courts, that our gifted fellow townsman, the lamented Henry W. Starr, won "green laurels". In the person of Francis S. Key, author of the "Star Spangled Banner", Jackson's Attorney General, and brother-in-law of Chief Justice Taney, of the Supreme Court of the United States, (before whom the case was tried), Starr had an antagonist worthy of his steel, and seldom was ever forensic triumph greater than that achieved by Starr over Mr. Key.

In the spring of 1831, the Sac Chief Makataimeshekiakiak, (Black Sparrow Hawk) not appeased with the blood he had aided to shed at Tippecanoe, River Rasin, Lower Sandusky, Fort Madison, and many other places, determined to renew on the Illinois frontier, the scenes of his early life. Like Pontiac, Bryant and Tecumseh, Black Hawk was noted for his undying hatred of our countrymen.

Notwithstanding the Sac and Fox nation in 1804, 1816, and 1825, by treaty, had ceded the title to all their lands in Illinois, receiving therefor regular annual payments, and that such lands including their old village in Rock Island county, had been surveyed and many tracts sold to settlers as far back as 1829, Black Hawk and his band came in 1831 to repossess themselves of the country thus sold, they destroyed the crops of the settlers, maltreated and menaced them with death in a manner so outrageous as to compel the Governor of the State (Reynolds) to call for volunteers to expell the Indians.

In the mean time Gen. Gaines of our regular army with five companies of Infantry arrived at Rock Island. He notified Black Hawk and the "British band," so called, to meet him in council at the Agency. On the day appointed, a large body of Indians came and entered the Council Chamber, a log building half a mile from the Fort, dressed in war costume, armed with bows, arrows and war clubs; it was noticed too that their bows were all bent and ready for use. Gen. Gaines opened the Council in a mild and fatherly manner, asking the Indians to return to their own lands on the Iowa side. Col. Davenport, Capt. May, and many others present represent the scene as one of transcendent excitement. The interpreter said to Black Hawk; "your father invites you to take a seat", pointing to a chair or bench, to which Black Hawk replied: "My father", with a negative shaking of his head, "The sun is my father, the earth is my mother, and on her bosom will I repose." General Gaines drew attention to the treaties by which they had sold the country to General Harrison in 1804, and to the signatures of the Chiefs and braves, affixed thereto, Black Hawk rejoined: "The treaties are lies, it is a lie that our Chiefs and

head men signed those Treaties and you are a liar". The good genius of Antone Le Claire, a man of peace, caused him not to interpret the offensive language, but mollify and greatly soften Black Hawk's reply. This fact, and the timely arrival of a detachment of troops sent for at the earnest suggestion of George Davenport, Esq., who saw the danger, prevented, it is believed, a rencountre, which would in all probability have resulted in the killing of Gen. Gaines and his staff who were without arms. It was thought that Black Hawk sought to provoke the American General to assault him, when he intended to commit a deed of assassination, such as the Modoc Chief, (Captain Jack) inflicted upon the unfortunate Gen. Canby a few years since. Among other braggadocia speeches, Black Hawk boasted, that one Sac could whip three regular white soldiers etc.

On the arrival however a few days thereafter of some seven hundred Illinois volunteers under General Joseph Duncan, the hostile Sacs fled west of the river. Anxious to save these misguided Indians from the fate which inevitably awaited them, Edmund Pendleton Gaines, as humane as he was fearless, concluded another treaty with them. He gave them some ten thousand bushels of corn and \$5,000 worth of goods such as they needed. This treaty was negotiated June 30th 1831, and signed by Gen. E. P. Gaines, U. S. A., and John Reynolds, Gov. of Illinois, by Black Hawk and 27 Chiefs and warriors of the Sac and Fox tribes; it furnishing the second instance in which Black Hawk had affixed, with his own hands, his signature to the Treaties.

April 1832 in contravention of all the solemn treaties before enumerated, the "British Band" led by Black Hawk and his Prophet, (who assured the Indians that the bullets of white men could not harm them) and constituting a large portion of the confederate tribe of Sacs and Foxes crossed the Mississippi, again invaded Illinois and commenced war upon her citizens, sparing neither age, sex nor condition. For many months they successfully resisted in battle, or eluded by retreat the troops sent against them. But on the 2d of August, 1832, at Bad Axe, in Wisconsin, they were finally beaten and their leaders soon after captured in attempting flight to Canada.

The treaty by which the county became ours was concluded at Rock Island, Sep. 21st 1832, and ratified February 13, 1833, but by some cruel and inexplicable order of government, the rich lands, salubrious clime, town sites water power, and valuable lead mines remained forbidden fruit until the first day of June, 1833. At that date, ever glorious day, the officers and regular soldiers, who for many long months had driven back the pioneers, pulled down and burned their cabins, were withdrawn, and the first permanent settlement commenced in Iowa.

I may mention as an historic truth, the gentlemanly and humane treatment extended by Jefferson Davis, late of the Confederacy to the van-guards of Americans who first settled at Dubuque. Davis was a 2nd Lieutenant in the regular army and sent from Prairie Du Chien by General, afterwards President Taylor, to drive off the settlers. He

left his men on the opposite side of the river (at Jordon's Ferry,) East Dubuque, and in person visited our people in their humble cabins. He persuaded them to withdraw until the first of June east of the Mississippi; but wholly unlike the Lieutenant Gardner, sent here (to Flint Hills), he burnt not their humble huts, nor committed any act of destruction upon their mining or other property, but treated all with characteristic civility and kindness.

The city of Burlington, and Des Moines county occupy portions of the so-called "Black Hawk purchase", a slip of land extending north from the state of Mo., along the margin of the Mississippi some two hundred miles in length, by an average width of forty miles. This cession of territory was a resulting consequence of war between us and the Indians, and as the treaty expresses, a part of the penalty they were required to pay for having brought on the war.

Rome was founded by two brothers, Romulus and Remus. But Burlington, destined to eclipse and cast that renowned old city into the shade, was founded by a triumvirate of brothers-in-law. Morton M. McCarver, Amasa Doolittle and Simpson White.

These three worthy pioneers attended the treaty at Rock Island and left as soon as it was signed to possess themselves of the land called "Flint Hills," always regarded as an eligible town site. First upon the ground they secured the "Settlers claim or right of preference to the site of Burlington in September 1832.

Such claim or right though destitute of legal authority was generally held sacred by a majority of the pioneers provided the claimant, complied with the rules and regulations adopted for mutual protection.

Twice expelled and their rude cabins destroyed, they returned again, and again, as soon as the troops would leave for the garrison at Rock Island.

Here, in 1834, with an old rickety compass and a rope used as a surveyor's chain, Dr. Wm. R. Ross, for the proprietors, surveyed a small piece of land into streets and lots for the purpose of laying off the town and Congress sanctioned the survey. It was named Burlington in honor of Burlington, Vermont, at the earnest imploration of John B. Gray, Esq., a native of the Green Mountain State. Gray in this act illustrates the sentiment so forcibly expressed by Walter Scott—

"Lives there a man with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself hath said,  
"This is my own, my native land."

Having been for nearly two years without any law or much gospel, the 28th of June, 1834, Congress attached the "Blackhawk purchase" to Michigan. On the 6th day of September in the same year the territorial legislature, sitting at Detroit, created the counties of Des Moines, and Dubuque dividing them by a line running due west from the southern extreme of Rock Island, to the Missouri river. The village of Dubuque is named in the law as the seat of justice for that

county. But Burlington was not thus honored, except by her original cognomen of "Flint Hills", neither her name nor fame, now world-wide, had then reached Detroit. A copy of this law I now hold in my hand. It, with the commissions for himself and the other officers, was sent by the Governor of Michigan, enclosed in oil cloth and directed to Macomb, Mc Donough Co., Ills., whence Dr. Ross obtained the package.

This law enacts that the "said county (Des Moines) shall constitute a township, to be called 'Flint Hill.' The seat of justice of said county shall be at such place therein as shall be designated by the county court." Our gratitude is due, therefore, to our three worthy county judges—William Morgan, Young L. Hughes and Henry Walker, for having located the seat of justice at Burlington.

To effect an organization *ab initio* the clerk of the court (Dr. Ross) administered the oath of office to the chief justice of the court (Wm. Morgan,) who after having been himself sworn in proceeded to administer the oath of office to the said clerk (Ross) and to his two associates of the county court, according to law.

Thus it will be seen that the venerable gentleman now present (Dr. Ross) was the first person who ever administered an oath in this county.

All the officers required under the Michigan code were appointed by the acting governor, the youthful but gifted and brave Stevens Thompson Mason, who so greatly distinguished himself in the memorable boundary conflict between Michigan and Ohio, and who was soon thereafter succeeded by John S. Horner, who modestly boasted that he was Governor of one state and two Territories.

Dr. William R. Ross, first clerk, first postmaster and first surveyor, says: "In the month of April, 1835, 'the first court in Southern Iowa was held in my log cabin on the bluff immediately east of the north public square (where the family of the late Mr. Ritchie resides). [The presiding judges have been named]. The resident lawyers were W. W. Chapman, Robert Williams, Isaac Leffler, Joseph B. Teas and an elderly man from Canton, Ill.—name not recollected, but vulgarly called 'Horse Head.' The visiting lawyers were Mr. Little and James W. Woods, familiarly known as 'Old Timber,' both from Hancock county, Ill. As none of the lawyers possessed a library at the time, the only books of reference were a few that I had purchased for my own use, such as Bacon's law Dictionary, Blackstone's Commentaries and Phillips' evidence. "Solomon Perkins was the first sheriff, and James Cameron succeeded him."

Though not mentioned by Dr. Ross, an episode somewhat out of the usual order of things occurred at this term. It was a fight in open court between John Toops and Richmond Chancy, they pitching into each other after the most approved backwoods style. Toops being clearly the aggressor was fined five dollars and imprisoned, Chief Justice Morgan ordering the sheriff to barricade the door of the cabin used as a jail, securely with rails, and to retain the said Toops therein until the further order of this court.

At a subsequent term during the trial of Dunwiddie for murder, a lawyer from Illinois of the first respectability, Cyrus S. Walker, noted for extraordinary talents—especially in criminal cases—believing that the stomach is a good medium through which to reach the heart, took the friendly liberty, while the jurymen were in the box sitting in the judgment upon his client's life, to treat them to apples, with which he had filled his pockets,—a rare treat in those days. Admonished of the impropriety of the act, he gracefully apologized to the court, remarking that he was very fond of apples himself and always felt like dividing the good things of this world with *his friends*. He won the case."

In October, 1835, Des Moines cast her maiden vote. Ft. Madison, Farmington, Mt. Pleasant, and Muscatine, (then Bloomington) being among its precincts. This was the last election ever held in the name or under the laws of the *Territory* of Michigan. The peninsula having determined to force its way into the union as a state, abandoned, or rather passed over, the territorial organization to the six counties lying *west* of Lake Michigan: Milwaukee, Brown, Crawford, Iowa, Dubuque and Des Moines.

The candidates for congressional honors at this election, were George Wallace Jones, (the chosen of the people), James Duane Doty and Morgan Lewis Martin. The two last named gentlemen were residents of Green Bay, Brown county, Wis., and though defeated in 1835, were both afterwards elected to Congress. General Jones who triumphed over them lived at Sinsinnewa Mound; six miles east of Dubuque, in Grant county, Wis., and he will excuse me for saying in his presence that if a "workman is known by his chips", he proved an able and most successful representative. At the same time (Oct. 1835) Major Jeremiah Smith, Jr., and Joseph B. Teas, Esq., were elected to the legislature from this county, expecting to attend its session at Detroit. A proclamation, however, was subsequently issued by the acting governor, J. S. Horner, convening the legislature at Green Bay, Wis., the ninth of January, 1836. The midwinter journey through a country inhabited principally by Indians, with a wholesome dread of losing his scalp, prevented the governor (a recent importation from one of the older states) it is believed, from meeting his own appointment.

Very different, however, was the conduct of the pioneer members, including Messrs. Smith and Teas. They braved the elements, and the savages, and were on hand and made themselves heard in an eloquent memorial in which the legislature said: "Thrown off by Michigan in the formation of her new state, without an acting governor to enforce the fragments of the laws under which we live, without a competent civil jurisdiction to give security to our lives and property, we ask the intervention of the national aid to give us a new and efficient political existence."

April 20th, 1836, congress responded to the above appeal by the act organizing the territory of Wisconsin, to take effect the fourth day of July, 1836.

Henry Dodge and John S. Horner were respectively appointed governor and secretary, and General Jones (now with us), was rewarded with a re-election, receiving over his respectable competitor, Moses Meeker, Esq., more than three fourths of the votes of the people, thus making him Michigan's last, and Wisconsin's first delegate; and he was afterwards chosen one of Iowa's first senators.

Charles Dunn was appointed chief justice; William C. Frazier and David Irwin associate justices. All Iowa then constituted but one judicial district and Judge Irwin was assigned to it. Wm. H. Chapman and Francis Gehon were respectively appointed U. S. District Attorney and Marshal.

Burlington, at that time, then in the third year of her existence, with a population of less, perhaps, than two hundred souls, while within the entire boundaries of the present state of Iowa, six months after that date, the census showed but 10,531 inhabitants.

July 2d, 1836, the law for laying off into streets, wharves, lots, and avenues; Burlington and five other towns in Wisconsin, was passed by congress, and on the 3d of March, 1837, the amendatory act thereto became a law, under the provisions of which George Cubbage, W. A. Corell, and M. M. McCarver were appointed commissioners, and George W. Harrison of Galena, Ills., surveyor, to carry into effect the provisions of those laws. Six hundred and forty acres of land were granted for town purposes, and as surveyed, extended along our river front from old South Boundary street to North street, and west to "Old Boundary" street. This grant was a beneficent one. It accelerated the growth of the town and secured a home to many a poor family.

On the 10th day of October, 1836, in conformity with a proclamation of the governor—Henry Dodge—the first election was held under the territorial government of Wisconsin.

Des Moines county was entitled to ten members, and chose Jeremiah Smith, Jr., Arthur Ingraham, and Joseph B. Teas to the council; (the upper branch of the legislature); Isaac Leffler, Thomas Blair, John Box, Geo. W. Teas, David R. Chance, Warren L. Jenkins and Eli Reynolds were elected members of the house of representatives.

This legislature convened on the 25th day of October, 1836, at Belmont, Wis. It elected Peter Hill Engle of Dubuque Co., speaker of the House, and Henry S. Baird, of Green Bay, President of the Council. There old Des Moines gave birth to Lee, Van Buren, Henry, Louisa, and Muscatine counties, and like the mother of Gracchi, she will ever point with pride to them as her jewels. There also Burlington was made the seat of government for the time being of a region which now constitutes three states and one vast territory—Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota, and Dakota. The fact that Burlington was chosen the seat of government of this vast territory, tended greatly to attract the attention of immigrants to our city and county, and thus to increase their population and wealth. To redeem pledges voluntarily made in his zeal to serve his town and constituents, Maj-

or Jeremiah Smith, Jr., whose venerable widow and many of his children are with us to-day, erected at his own expense a large building suitable for the accommodation of the two houses of the general assembly. It stood on Water street, near the former site of Duncan & Hosford's mill, and while in the occupancy of the two houses of the Wisconsin legislature, on the night of the 13th of December, 1837, was consumed by fire. The calamity having occurred before the era of water-works or of fire insurance in our city, the entire loss of the fine building, costing some ten thousand dollars, fell upon the public spirited citizen who had erected it.

Nov. 6th 1837 the Legislature convened at Burlington, in Wisconsin Territory in regular session and adjourned on the 30th day of January, to meet again on the 11th of June 1838. Col. Isaac Leffler of this county, was chosen speaker of the House, and Arthur Inghram Esq. President of the council. Here under the parentage of Wisconsin were born the fourteen beautiful counties of Cedar, Linn, Benton, Clinton, Delaware, Fayette, Jackson, Johnson, Jones, Keokuk, Scott, Clayton, Slaughter, (now Washington) and Buchanan.

Monday, June 11, 1838, pursuant to adjournment, the legislature met in Burlington in special session, to make an apportionment of its members among the different counties of Wisconsin Territory. It had nearly accomplished this work when on the 25th day of June, by the slow mails of that day, the joyful news came that we were no longer under one and the same government: That 13 days anterior, (to-wit: on the 12th of June 1838), the law had passed congress to divide Wisconsin and create a separate government for Iowa.

It was then that the "Hawkeyes" said to the "Badgers": "Gentlemen of the Legislature, with you Othello's occupation is gone;" "you may go, and not stand upon the order in which you retire". "Our heart's best wishes will ever attend grandma Michigan, and mother Wisconsin, but look out or your daughter will "eclipse her progenitors". [Already she has done it.] The 25th of June, 1838, witnessed the adjournment *sine die* of the Wisconsin Legislature. An up river steamer arriving the same day the Governor and all the Wisconsin officials took passage upon her for their more northern homes.

June 12th 1838, congress enacted the law, dividing Wisconsin and organizing Iowa as a separate Territory to take effect July 4, 1838. Robert Lucas, our first governor, was succeeded by John Chambers and James Clarke.

Charles Mason was appointed chief justice, Joseph Williams and Thomas S. Wilson associate justices of the supreme court, and Thornton Bayless Clerk.

Wm. B. Conray, James Clarke, O. H. W. Stull, Samuel J. Burr and Jesse Williams were respectively secretaries. The Attorneys, were Cyrus S. Jacobs, Van Allen, Charles Weston, John G. Deshler and Stephen Wicher. The Marshals, Francis Gehon, T. B. Johnson, and Gideon S. Bailey.

June 12, 1838, next in importance to our people, after the territo-

rial government of Ia., was the establishment of the two U. S. Land Offices "west of the Mississippi" within the territory of Wisconsin. At the office here, Verplank Van Antwerp was appointed Receiver, (succeeded by Jos. C. Hawkins), and Augustus C. Dodge, Register, was followed by Enos Lowe and Wm. Ross.

Our first election under Iowa Territory, was held the 10th of September 1838. The candidates for Congress were Wm. W. Chapman, Peter Hill Engle, Benjamin Franklin Wallace, David Rorer, William Creighton, and Major B. F. Taliaferro, U. S. Indian agent at Fort Snelling, voted for in the order named. Chapman was elected Delegate.

The first legislature of Iowa, assembled at Burlington, Nov. 12, 1838. Arthur Inghram, Robert Ralston and George Hepner were elected to the council; James W. Grimes, George Temple, Van B. Delasmutt, Thomas Blair and George H. Beeler, were chosen members of the House Representatives from Des Moines county.

Wm. H. Wallace of Henry county, was elected speaker of the House, and General Jesse B. Brown of Lee county, president of the Council. All the sessions of the Iowa Legislature while Burlington was the seat of government, were held in "Old Zion" church.

On the 26th of October, 1846, two months anterior to admission into the union, Iowa held her first state election. Ansel Briggs of Jackson county, was chosen Governor over Thos. Mc Knight, (whig) and Elisha Cutler Jr. of Van Buren county, Secretary of state. (We then had no Lieutenant Governor.)

Shepherd Leffler, and S. Clinton Hastings, (Democrats) were elected to Congress beating G. C. R. Mitchell, and Jos. Hedrick (whigs).

November 30, 1846, the first State Legislature whose members had been chosen the preceding October, assembled at Iowa City, but owing to the condition of political parties, failed to elect Senators or Judges.

December 28th 1846, the act of Congress admitting Iowa into the sisterhood of States was passed.

December 7th, 1848 at the meeting of the second General Assembly, George W. Jones, and Augustus C. Dodge were chosen U. S. Senators, and Joseph Williams, (Chief Justice), George Green and John F. Kinney were elected associate Justices of the Supreme Court.

Thus it will be seen that thirty-seven years ago, the State of Iowa was admitted into the Union, having but two members of Congress and less than one hundred thousand inhabitants, (97,588). It was not however, until the spring of 1855, that the "Iron Horse" first slaked his thirst in the waters of the Mississippi opposite her eastern border. To-day there are within those limits, two millions of people. Iowa has eleven members of Congress, and upwards of seven thousand miles of railway. While her corn crop alone for the year 1880 exceeds in amount the value of all the gold and silver *mined* in the United States for the same year as is shown by reliable statistics.

Hon. John Scott, late Lieutenant Governor of Iowa, in his ad-



dress at the ninth annual meeting of the Iowa Stock Breeders' Association, December 14, 1882, says: "There are probably not less than 1,000,000 horses, 2,000,000 of horned cattle and 6,000,000 of swine, of all ages, of a total value of more than \$100,000,000, now owned in Iowa. This gives an average value of more than one million dollars worth of live stock in each county. The natural increase of these animals will more than double their numbers every ten years upon the soil where they subsist and furnish an increasing surplus for the market of not less than thirty per cent of their total value each and every year. At this rate we have an annual interest of not less than forty million of dollars at stake, exclusive of dairy products of not less than \$25,000,000."

In the value of her products, Iowa stands No. 2 in the sisterhood of America. She is only surpassed by our great neighbor, Illinois, whose occupation and settlement as a Territory dates anterior to the termination of the Revolutionary War against Great Britain, while as a state she is twenty eight years the senior of Iowa.

In no invidious spirit of contrast or boasting, I may mention that our present territory of New Mexico about to celebrate her 333d birthday, (and I trust she will be honored with a magnificent celebration,) only contains one hundred and thirty one thousand seven hundred (131,700) inhabitants, as shown by the census of 1880.

In illustration of the extraordinary energy and progress of the Anglo Saxon and mixed races, now peopling the western states and territories. I refer to the fact that when Iowa was admitted (Dec. 28, 1846), excluding Missouri and Texas, there was west of the Mississippi river a population of perhaps less than two hundred thousand souls, (they were in Iowa and Oregon), and not a mile of railway. Now there are six millions of people residing within those limits, and 32,000 miles of railroad in daily operation.

"Wide shall our own free race increase,  
And wide extend the elastic chain,  
That binds in everlasting peace,  
State after state, a mighty train."

The Orator of the Day, Hon. John H. Craig, of Keokuk, being introduced by the President, was received with enthusiastic and prolonged applause, and delivered the following

#### ORATION.

*Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen, My Fellow Citizens of Iowa:*—Let me express my profound appreciation of this honor, and also my thanks for this kind introduction and greeting.

This is an event that can come but once in our lives. It appeals to all our state pride. It recalls the traditions of the past. It presents the realizations of the present. It suggests the prospects of the future—Iowa as it was, Iowa as it is, and Iowa as it will be. There is inspiration in the occasion and the theme, but they demand loftier

thoughts and more eloquent words than these lips of mine can utter, a strong and vital eloquence worthy to be remembered through the fifty years to come, and not the hasty product of a few brief hours, snatched from the importunate demands of professional duties, which I am compelled to submit to your indulgence.

According to the "eternal fitness of things" this place does not belong to me. I am not an old settler; I do not belong to the first generation of noble men, who, severing the ties of early life, and leaving the scenes of their early homes, crossed this great river, and here in the midst of hardships, privations and sacrifices, laid the first foundations of the state. Nor do I belong to the latest generation, "to the manor born," from whose ranks will be chosen that future unknown orator, whose lips, touched with fire, will speak to the people of his native state, on that day, which we can see in a vision—that day when Iowa will keep her first centennial. But I belong to that middle generation, that followed in the track of those who went ahead and blazed the way—who came when the days of privation and sacrifice were past, to enjoy the labors of those who went before, and to assist and carry on the work; and although we feel a just pride and claim a share in the splendid realizations which surround us to-day, yet the chief place belongs to those who came to Iowa in territorial times and made the state.

To have been the worthy founders of a state like this, is a prouder boast and a better title of nobility than to have "come over with the Conquerer." The Normans came to England as invaders, with hostile arms, to subjugate and reduce to serfdom a nation of Anglo-Saxon blood. But the settlers of Iowa belonged to the new order of nobility—the nobility of labor. They came with the peaceful implements of husbandry, to till the virgin soil, and subjugate it to the uses of man. They came bearing with them their household gods, under these genial skies, to build their homes, to light their firesides, to set up their altars, and rear their children. They came to make farms, to create mechanical industries, to found cities, to build school houses and churches, to establish free government, and thus to lay the foundation and rear the grand and noble structure of a free commonwealth. We now enjoy the fruits of their labors, and rejoice in the progress of the great work which they began. Many of them are not here; they crossed this mighty river then. But now they have crossed another—the silent river—whose other shore is unseen by mortal vision, and from which there is no return; their work remains, and their names are held in honored remembrance. Many of them are with us still. Some whose names are a part of the history of the state are sitting here, where I ought to sit with silence on my lips. I cannot speak to you as they could, of scenes which their eyes beheld, of events in which they were prominent actors, and of traditions of which they formed a part.

One of the most distinguished of these—I had almost said "the noblest Roman of them all"—in earnest, hearty, eloquent words, has just expressed what needs no words to give us assurance of the gen-

erous, open-hearted, splendid welcome which the people of Burlington give us all to-day. Let me say in your behalf, that hereafter, when we shall remember this scene and this semi-centennial celebration, we will also remember how here to-day, the citizens of Burlington opened to us, not only their homes, but their hearts. They must have learned the habit in early times. The hospitality which was always found in the humble abodes of the settlers, has not lost its place in their elegant homes. There is not a citizen of Iowa here to-day who does not feel the warmth and heartiness of this welcome, and who does not hope that the growth and prosperity of Burlington may still keep pace with the growth and prosperity of the state.

The place of celebration is well chosen. The spot is appropriate to the occasion. The seat of Burlington was first known to the whites as the "Flint Hills." The Indians called it Shokokon. Here in the pure salubrious air of these bluffs, Black Hawk often collected his band and held his councils. The officer who first came to assert the sovereignty of the United States over this territory west of the Mississippi with a view to its possession, noted in his report this point as one of the prominent places for occupation. When Iowa was first organized into a territory bearing its own name, this was its capital, and here, its government first found "a local habitation and a name." This city has always been the county seat of Des Moines county, the mother of all the counties in the southern half of all the Black Hawk purchase. The hope of discovering a route to the Pacific ocean, was one of the motives which caused the French governor of Canada to send on their perilous journey of exploration the two white men who first discovered Iowa. One of their purposes was to ascertain whether the waters of the great river, of which they had heard from the red man, flowed westward into the Pacific Ocean. That hope, disappointed then, has been realized now in a different and better sense, in the great railroad which runs through the heart of this city, and which forms one of the links in the great chain of trade and travel which now girdles the globe.

From the earliest dawn of history the nations have coveted the commerce of eastern Asia and the Indies, and have tried to discover or make new routes to reach it. Wherever that trade flowed, it was like a Pactolean stream. The caravans from the east built ancient Damascus in the desert. The commerce of the Orient enthroned ancient Tyre on her rocky isles, queen of the Levant. It made Venice "the spouse of the Adriatic," the bulwark of Christendom against the Mohammedan invasion. It enriched the republics of Italy, and under their patronage letters revived, and the dawn of modern civilization followed the dark ages. Portugal and Holland, one after another, secured and lost it; and when England gained it, London became the commercial metropolis of the world. Columbus was in search of a new route to Asia when he stumbled on this western hemisphere, and "gave a new world to the kingdoms of Castile and Arragon." And ever since, the nations of Europe have been trying to surmount the great obstacle which he found in his path, by flanking both ends

of the continent in search of a southwestern and northwestern passage. The southern passage was found around the Horn, but the cape lies far beyond the southern cross, and the voyage around it is over Antarctic seas, vexed by wintry storms. At the northern end, after the sacrifice of heroic lives, barriers of eternal ice hold the way, and still bar the passage. One bold Frenchman seems yet determined to cut the continent in two, by digging through the Isthmus. But the new road to Asia has been found. When Americans cannot find what they want, they make it. A vast system of railroads, all built within the last fifty years, extending from the Atlantic, including great trunk lines across the state of Iowa connecting with the central line across the mountains to the Golden Gate of the Pacific, forms a splendid "Portage" across the continent, and places Iowa in direct communication with the oldest and most populous nations of the globe; so that now the locomotive, with its "breath of flame and nerves of steel," speedier than the swiftest winged ship, brings the commerce of the Orient to your doors and drops its treasures into your laps.

A popular address like this, is not the place for an abridged history, nor a census report, but a few prominent events, which mark important eras in the history of the state, and a few figures which measure its growth and progress, cannot be omitted.

The St. Lawrence and the great lakes reach nearly half way across this continent. These waters furnished an easy route to the white men who first explored the great central portions of North America. Along these waters they made their speediest and farthest advance, more than a century before the revolution was fought. When they had reached and explored the western shores of Lake Michigan, they heard from the natives marvelous accounts of a great river farther to the west. As they had moved up the St. Lawrence and over the lakes, such a vast distance from the Atlantic Ocean, it was reasonable for them to conclude that this great river of which they heard was a part of the western watershed of the continent, and that it was probable that its waters flowed to the Pacific. To verify this reasonable conjecture, as well as to extend the dominion of France, and carry the gospel to the tribes which might be found on its banks, they determined to reach and explore this unknown river of which the red man told them; and James Marquette and Louis Jolliette undertook the perilous journey. The one was the envoy of the King of France, the other was the Ambassador of the King of Kings. They went, each to assert the sovereignty and extend the dominion of his Master. Thus it has ever been, and thus it will ever be. Into every unknown savage land, wherever the feet of explorers may tread, "the feet of those who bring good tidings" will move with equal pace. The messengers and envoys of kings will never outstrip the heralds to whom was given the great mission, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." When his Indian friends tried to dissuade Marquette, by warning him of the unknown perils of the journey, the Christian hero calmly said: "I am ready to risk and

even lay down my life to carry the religion of the cross to any of God's children." Like Paul's, this was "a courage tempered in a holy fire."

The bold adventurers passed over Green Bay, up Fox river, across to the Wisconsin river, and on the 17th of June, two hundred and ten years ago, as their frail canoes floated out on the broad current, the majestic river and its western shore burst on their view, and Iowa was discovered by the white man. They saw no signs of human life. The fair vision slept in the sublime silence of nature. It was the month of June, and the summer sun was shining on the river and shores. What a panorama of silent, glorious beauty must have passed before their eyes as they floated down the mighty curves of this majestic river, past bold bluffs, wooded heights and headlands, and opening vistas of far reaching meadow-like prairies, all "dressed in living green," and forming one vast solitude. They must have thought of the possibilities of such a land; but did they have a vision of the realities which surround us now, and of the greatness which the future will yet reveal? The voyagers, on the fifth day of their passage down the river, discovered the track of human feet on the sand near where the village of Sandusky now stands. They followed the trail across the prairie and found three Indian villages on the Des Moines river, a few miles above the site of Keokuk, and there for the first time the white and the red man stood face to face on the soil of Iowa. But they met in peace, and the good missionary set up a cross among them and spoke to them the words of Peace. Marquette and Jolliette remained at these villages five or six days, and were treated with kindness and great respect, and when they left, five hundred Indians accompanied them to the shore and waved them a friendly adieu.

This discovery was one of the claims which France made to the dominion of the whole Mississippi valley. She established the Province of Louisiana, which extended from the Gulf, including Texas, to the sources of the Mississippi and its tributaries. She was resolved to assert and maintain her sovereignty over the vast territory which her missionaries and explorers had discovered and revealed to the world. But the course of events justifies the words of Bancroft: "That France had obtained, under Providence, the guardianship of this immense district of country, not for her own benefit, but as trustee for the infant nation by which one day it was to be inherited." France resisted the attempt of the English to extend their settlements west of the Alleghany mountains. In the collision of arms which followed, Washington learned the art of war, and the triumph of England was crowned by the heroic death of Wolfe on the heights of Quebec. By the treaty of Paris, signed 1763, France yielded to England the undisputed possession of the eastern half of the Mississippi valley, except a small portion of Louisiana, and at the same time, by secret treaty, France ceded to Spain all her territory west of the Mississippi river, including the whole of Louisiana. Thus it happened that when the revolution was fought, the territory now comprising the

state of Iowa was under Spanish dominion. The recession by Spain to France of the territory of Louisiana by treaty signed in 1800, and ratified early in 1801, offered to the statesmen then at the head of the government of the United States, a great opportunity, which they were too wise to let slip. They were beginning to comprehend the grand destiny of the future, and were wise enough to make it sure. The time had come for us to secure exclusive control of the Mississippi river to its mouth, and to extend our jurisdiction across it to the Pacific Ocean. France was our friend. She had come to our aid in the Revolution. The great Napoleon, whose fame was then beginning to fill the world, was at her head. His eyes were turned not to the west, but to the east, dazzled by visions of conquest and power. The gigantic plans which his great ambition was then maturing, furnished work enough for France, without the burden of defending a vast unpeopled territory across the Atlantic, while England held the supremacy of the seas. Hence, Napoleon, willing to rid himself of an incumbrance, and to do the United States a favor, ceded to us the "Louisiana Purchase"—a territory sufficient for the seat of a vast empire—at a price so small as hardly to equal the annual income of some of our private citizens.

By this great acquisition the nation forever secured the exclusive control and navigation of the Mississippi River from its source to its mouth. Its dominion was extended from the Gulf to the British possessions, and the north Pacific Ocean; and this fair land, now called the state of Iowa, where we have built our homes, and where our children will live when we are sleeping in its bosom, passed under its benign sway, and became a part of the American Union.

There is no more important event in all our political history. Our country never made a more gigantic stride towards its great destiny. In the phrase of the red man it opened "a broad trail" for the advance of civilization and free institutions. In its importance and its consequences, it is worthy to stand recorded in our national history, with the signing of the declaration of independence, the adoption of the constitution, and the abolition of slavery.

After this purchase all the territory secured by it, north of the thirty-third parallel of latitude, including what is now Iowa, was organized as the District of Louisiana, and was temporarily under authority of the officers of the Territory of Indiana. The name was subsequently changed to the Territory of Louisiana. In 1807 it was joined to the Territory of Illinois. In 1812 it became the Territory of Missouri, except the southern part, which was organized as the Territory of Arkansas. In 1821, when the state of Missouri was admitted into the Union, the huge fragments of the territory, which were left, seemed to have been overlooked by the Federal government. They were left without any civil authority—"a vast region where wild beasts and savages contended for their mastery over nature."

I have before me an atlas containing a map of the United States published in 1822. It pictures, better than any speech, the marvelous changes from then till now. There is on it no state west of the

Mississippi, except Missouri, and a part of Louisiana. In the north we miss the great states of Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota. The spot where the marvelous city of Chicago now stands, is marked as a fort and Indian trading post. In Iowa we look in vain for the site of Burlington, Davenport, Dubuque, Des Moines, Ottumwa and Keokuk. In all the bounds now comprising the state, there is scarce a mark or trace to indicate that the foot of the white man had ever rested upon it. Now it is a state with more than one million six hundred thousand people, and more than eleven thousand schools, where the geography of the state is taught to four hundred and twenty-four thousand children from an enlarged and later edition of the atlas.

When Missouri was admitted into the Union Iowa was still the home of the red man. The Indians that Marquette found here had disappeared. The most powerful tribes were the two united tribes of the Sacs and Foxes. They had driven out or exterminated the tribes that had lived here before them. The Indians exhibited some noble traits of character. This thought casts an air of mournful romance over their sad fate. But they were fierce, cruel, bloody and relentless; their highest glory was to destroy and scalp their enemy. They resisted civilization and despised labor. It is these that subdue and transform the earth. In the cycle of human history Darwin's law of "the survival of the fittest" is the law of Heaven. Man was designed by his Creator to be not only free, but a civilized and enlightened being, and the working out of this design is the law of human progress. It was in obedience to this inexorable law, sometimes harsh in its applications, but always beneficent in its results, that the red man retired from this "Beautiful Land," and left room for labor, freedom and civilization to enter.

Although our government had bought the territory from France, it recognized and respected the title of the Indians, and would suffer no white man to settle upon it without their consent. Prior to 1833 the government had purchased from the Indians no lands in Iowa for immediate settlement by the whites. It then held the "Half Breed Tract" in trust for the Half Breeds. It had established and held the "Neutral Ground" as a broad neutral boundary between the Sioux on the north, and the confederated tribes of the Sacs and Foxes on the south, to keep these hostile tribes at peace. In 1830 the government had acquired the Indian title to a large portion of the Missouri slope, but it was understood that this was to be held for the benefit of the Indians, to constitute reservations for the different tribes. Up to 1833 there was no place in all the bounds of Iowa open to settlement. The miners at Dubuque were there by license only. Here and there a trading post or agency of the American Fur company had been established like that at the "Foot of the Rapids," and here at "Flint Hills." A few white men who had gained the friendship and won the confidence of the Indians lived among them with their consent. These were but the outposts and scouts on the frontiers of civilization. When the squatters came without orders, the soldiers of the

United States burned their cabins, and drove them back across the river.

But when the war with Black Hawk was ended by the capture and submission of that great Indian chief, General Winfield Scott, and thirty chiefs of the confederated tribes of the Sacs and Foxes, with Keokuk at their head, signed a treaty which ceded to the United States all that portion of Iowa known as the "Black Hawk Purchase." This purchase was the eastern part of Iowa. It was fifty miles wide, and extended along the Mississippi river from the line of Missouri on the south to the "Neutral Ground" on the north.

This treaty was signed at a great council held at the spot where the city of Davenport now stands, on the 15th day of September, 1832, in the presence of more than one thousand Indian chiefs and warriors. It was ratified on the 13th of February, 1833, and was to take effect on the 1st of June following—thus fixing the date of this Semi-Centennial.

The first day of June, 1833, was fixed as the date when the Indians were to quietly remove from the ceded territory and leave it open for settlement by the white man. The news of this treaty brought settlers from every quarter, eager to cross the river and find homes in this beautiful and fertile region; but the soldiers of the United States kept guard on the western shore and forbade their entrance into the land of promise. All along the Missouri border and the eastern banks of the Mississippi they gathered and waited impatiently for the end of May. At the hour of midnight, when the 1st of June, 1833, began, the "army of occupation" passed over and took possession, and the tide of emigration, mightier than the flood of waters which it crossed, first reached these shores.

I will not pause to describe that scene, which some of you beheld, nor to tell of the toils and trials which followed, and which many of you shared. This was the beginning, and marks in our history this day as the semi-centennial of the founding of Iowa. By subsequent treaties the Indian titles were gradually extinguished. The white settlements followed in the steps of the retreating red man, until, in 1853, the last band of Sioux passed across our northwestern border.

From the admission of Missouri into the Union, until after the "Black Hawk Purchase," Iowa was under no civil government. It has been said she was "a political orphan." But that is only a figure of speech. Her "Great Father" in Washington sent his troops to look after and defend her, until she was old enough to take lessons in the science and art of government.

In 1834 the Territory of Michigan was extended west of the Mississippi river, and the territory now comprising Iowa and Minnesota became part of it. After the admission of the state of Michigan, the territory which was left was organized in 1836, as the Territory of Wisconsin. General Jackson appointed Henry Dodge, the honored father of an honored son, its governor. The second and third sessions of its legislature were held at Burlington. Two years later, on the 3d of July, the Territory of Wisconsin was divided, and all that



part of it west of the Mississippi river became the Territory of Iowa. Its first governor was Robert Lucas. Its first capital was Burlington, whose citizens piously assigned its legislature to old Zion church as an appropriate place for its sessions. The contrast between that famous old building and the new Capitol at Des Moines, now growing to completion in proportions of matchless beauty and grandeur, strikingly illustrates our progress since then. From this last Territory, in 1846, the young state of Iowa emerged, and took her place in the fair sisterhood of the Union. Her place then was on the frontier. Now her place is in the center, and the western line of the republic is on the shore of the Pacific Ocean. Less than fifty years ago this territory, now called the state of Iowa, contained but 10,531 inhabitants. At the last census the population of the state numbered 1,624,620 people. Fifty years ago Iowa contained nothing but scattered Indian villages, and here and there an Indian trading post. Now the state contains such cities as Burlington, Davenport, Dubuque and Des Moines. Then there were no roads here, except Indian trails across the prairies. On the 1st of January, 1881, there were in Iowa 5,235 miles of railroad, all except 891 miles constructed since the close of the war, at a cost including equipments of about \$90,000,000. Our railroads and our two great rivers form an unrivalled system of transportation for the vast and increasing products of our agricultural and mechanical industries. Iowa is the twenty-ninth state of the Union in age; it ranks the fifth as a railroad state, and the second as a corn producing state. Its annual crop of corn is over 230,000,000 bushels; of wheat, over 36,000,000; of oats, over 41,000,000 bushels. In 1879, the corn crop of Iowa was over 275,000,000 bushels. The value of its annual crops of grains is over \$123,500,000. The average annual value of its farm animals amounts to over \$106,000,000. This is only a part of its income. The value of the property in the state is estimated at about \$1,200,000,000. These figures are eloquent, and tell of a marvelous and unparalleled progress in a short space of fifty years. And this immense wealth, with its vast income, is generally diffused among the people; so that we have no colossal fortunes here, and but few homes filled with squalor and poverty. This is the legitimate condition of a free people—let it be one of their highest duties to check all tendencies that would change it.

But material wealth does not constitute the greatness and grandeur of a state. The true greatness of Iowa does not consist in fertile fields with abundant harvests, in flocks and herds and barns and store-houses, in roads of iron, and cities of brick and mortar; but in the institutions which she founds and fosters, and the sons and daughters that she rears and educates. Fifty years ago in all the bounds of the territory, now known as the state of Iowa, there was but one school house, and that was a ten by twelve feet log cabin. In 1880 there were in the state 11,057 school houses, costing about \$9,000,000. There were 11,084 public schools, 494 of which were graded, with an enrollment of 424,057 pupils, maintained by voluntary taxation and the income from the school fund of the state. These public schools

are equal to the best in the Union. This is shown by the fact that the ratio of illiteracy in Iowa, is less than that of any other state. In 1880 the amount expended for school purposes, including school houses built that year, was \$4,843,098. It is a legitimate function of every free government, essential to the security and stability of every republican state, to provide for the education of all its children. And this is the manner in which Iowa performs that function. The state university is a part, and was designed to be the crown of that system of public education which it has been the policy of Iowa to establish and maintain, in order that the very highest education may be placed within the reach of the humblest child within its bounds. It requires brains as well as hands to build up a state. It is the humble and lowly of one generation who are the fathers and mothers of the great men of the next. And it may be that there is some young boy in Iowa to day, the child of such parents, who is beginning to feel stirring in his breast aspirations born of scarce conscious but awakening powers, like the stir and spring of eagle's pinions, who up through our common and high schools and university will find the path to eminence and fame, and with "recorded honors" crown the state, which opened the way before his feet.

When the settlers first came to Iowa, they found here no temples of the living God, except "the groves which were his first temples," and that grander temple whose pillars are the hills, and roof the arching heavens above us. There was no voice to proclaim his existence and everlasting truth except the forms and sounds of nature, which taught the untutored savage "to see him in the clouds, and hear him in the wind"—"for there is no speech or language, where their voice is not heard." Two years ago there were in the state 3267 temples of Christian worship, and 2778 anointed priests and Christian ministers. These churches differ in their dogmatic faith; but they all unite in teaching those two great principles upon which must rest the security and stability of all free governments; accountability to God, and righteousness of life. The church is independent of, and separate from the state, but there is little hope for the state without the church, in its broad and best sense. Without the conservative and restraining influences of our holy religion, the experiment of self-government must prove a failure at last. Notwithstanding all the nobleness, beauty and loveliness which human character presents, the history of human bloodshed, cruelty, oppression, wrong, crime, and guilt teaches that there are dreadful and destructive forces in human society, and terrible elements in human nature, which must be held in check by conscience or force. There is no other alternative. Unloose from the consciences of men the obligations which belief in accountability to God and the solemn verities of the Christian faith fasten upon them, and these destructive and explosive forces would burst forth, and in the wild whirlwind of unchained human passions, wicked human desires, and unhallowed human ambitions, every free government would perish from the earth, and brute force govern the world. If I can speak one word which will be remembered through

the fifty years to come—let it be this warning voice—that without religion, liberty is only a beautiful and glorious, but transient dream. Let the sacred star which ushered in the rising of the light of the Sun of righteousness fade from the eyes of men, and our young state, with all her fair sisterhood of states—now walking in the light of freedom—in hopeless blindness, remembering only the light and glory lost, will stumble forward in a dark path to sad, uncertain destiny; “as a child struck blind while playing in the sun, sees the light of heaven no more, but carries the memory of it to the grave.”

But this can never be. That God, who has inspired us with the love of liberty, has given us the consciousness of great wants, and placed in our breasts immortal instincts and aspirations, which only his eternal truth can satisfy. Until the consciousness of these great wants, instincts and aspirations is lost, His religion will never lose its hold on the hearts of men. The great fact of that consciousness in the heart of every man will withstand all the assaults of human logic. “His kingdom is an everlasting kingdom”—this is the best hope that liberty, which is one of its results, will endure.

I have already reminded you that the first white man whose eyes ever beheld these shores, which the Indians call the “Beautiful Land,” was a Christian missionary. That was a blessed omen, but it is a better omen still, that three thousand Christian ministers have found a place in Iowa within the semi-centennial of its first settlement. The power of that Christian faith which they teach is the mightiest force that ever influenced the condition and affairs of men. The fairest forms of our modern civilization—its beneficent, benevolent and free institutions, and our American system of civil liberty, are its offspring. The heralds of the cross, who are leading on the victorious armies of our God, are moving in the vanguard of the triumphal march of the world’s progress. That faith teaches us to see the hand of God in our country’s history, working out the beneficent results which we enjoy to-day. It adds the sanctions of conscience to the duties of patriotism, and to the guilt of treason to our country, the aggravation of thankless impiety toward Heaven.

It is thirty-seven years since Iowa entered the Union and took her place with these United States. Ever since then she has kept step with the march of their advance. As a part of that Union she is great, and will become yet greater. As one of its “broken fragments” none could forecast her gloomy and uncertain future. Iowa has sealed her loyalty to that Union, in the blood of twenty thousand of her bravest sons, who now rest in graves filled with nobler dust than that which sleeps on Marathon. Honors! enduring and perpetual honors to the men, who died to keep the lofty trust, and save the priceless heritage of such a land as this, filling up the measure of its fame with the glories and triumphs of the mighty struggle in which they fell!

When the rebellious south arose and in its pride of power cast its challenge at the nation’s feet by firing on the flag of Sumpter, Iowa’s “War Governor,” plain, honest and great as Cincinnatus, organized and sent more than seventy thousand Iowa soldiers to join the armies

which met the hosts of rebellion, and hurled them back, smitten, crushed, bleeding and conquered to the earth. They fought under Lyon like lions at Wilson's creek. They were with our own Curtis at Pea Ridge; they were with Grant at Belmont, Donnelson and Vicksburg; they followed Sherman to the sea, and everywhere in endurance on the march, and courage on the field, they were "heroes among heroes." They and their comrades not only saved the Union then, but insured its perpetuity for all the future. It is certain that we shall have no more rebellions. The lesson will never be forgotten. There are words and deeds which will not die, but become lofty inspirations to all coming time. Great achievements and heroic acts do not produce their most important results in the direct objects which they accomplish, but in the examples which they afford and the lessons which they teach. "Marathon saved Greece more than once." The sun which rose on Salamis will never set. Demosthenes still thunders his philippics under the shadow of the Acropolis. From the lips of Cicero still bursts that tempest of indignant eloquence upon the traitor head of Cataline. The Light Brigade still marches "into the jaws of death" at Balaklava. Webster "still lives" to answer Hayne. Sheridan's ride will turn the tide of many a battle. The "Rock of Chickamauga" will stand against defeat on many a bloody field. Corse still holds Altoona profanely and righteously whipping the foe. McPherson falls "leading the front of battle" and dies at Atlanta, but lives forevermore. And thus the swords which brought deliverance to the nation out of the great struggle of the Rebellion, like the flaming sword of the cherubim which kept the gate of Paradise, will guard the Union, and flash terror to every heart that would compass its destruction through all the centennials of the future.

The Union of these states is to us the only hope and pledge of peace, freedom and dominion. Iowa is a child of that Union; her love and obedience were pledged to it from her birth. Her place in it was the birthright of Heaven. Her loyalty is the obligation of blood and origin. She can trace the sources of her blood to every sister state. The settlers who found homes here had left other homes behind, dear and unforgotten still. Not only the strongest obligations of duty, but the dearest ties of life bind us to our country. And our country is—not Iowa—but the Union of the United States. We are all citizens of Iowa, grateful to God for such a state, and for the unnumbered blessings with which he has crowned it. But with deeper gratitude and loftier pride—with an exultation above the proud Roman boast, we all stand here to-day, American citizens, under the shadow and protection of the constitution and flag of the Union. That Union is the great republic of the world; the empire of a hemisphere; the latest born but queen of the nations; baptized in blood and fire, the heir of earth's best heritage of freedom, and a patrimony of the fairest, richest lands beneath the sun. Iowa's place is in the heart of the Union. We stand to-day in the center of the Mississippi valley. It stretches from the tropics to the northern

lakes, and from the eastern to the western mountain range. The sun shines on no other scene so fair. It is a vast landscape of lakes and rivers—of fertile lands and wooded hills and mountain slopes, where stores of inexhaustible wealth are buried in the earth, and

“Plenty sits upon the clouds, and drops  
Her bounties into the laps of men.”

Here “life is young” and men are strong, and human hands and brains are building up free and mighty states. Everywhere, by lake and river, mountain, plain and sea, cities which have been “born in a day,” temples of industry, temples of learning, temples of charity and temples of religion, and the happy homes of a free people stand in the sunlight. The Genius of prophecy looks upon the scene, as Baalam from the mountain top looked on the tents of Israel, and exclaims: Here—unless the folly and wickedness of men can reverse the decrees of God—here is the destined seat of empire.

When fifty years have passed and Iowa’s full centennial is come, will that grand vision have faded from the eyes of men, or will it stand revealed a glorious reality? Let the sons still follow in the steps of their fathers. Let the motto, “In God we trust,” engraven on our national coin in the darkest hour of the nation’s greatest trial, be still engraven on our hearts. Let our constitution and laws still ordain, “Liberty for all, and justice to every man.” Then these states,—with more gigantic strides in the future than in the past,—in peace, liberty, righteousness, fraternity and union, will move on in the path of national power, progress and glory; outstripping the swiftest visions of prophecy, and holding up before the nations the fairest example of republican progress and Christian civilization that the world has ever seen.

After the prolonged applause which followed the oration, and a hearty vote of thanks to the Orator, the Aledo Ladies’ Band discoursed excellent music; their fine appearance and graceful execution of many popular airs won universal encorium; General Jones showed upon them a profusion of compliments, and declared that he had witnessed a great many festive occasions in various parts of the world, and had never seen the like. On his motion three hearty cheers were given them. The Band is composed as follows:

1st Eb Cornet—Lou Elliott.  
2d Eb Cornet—May David.  
3d Eb Cornet—Ada Wade.  
4th Eb Cornet—Kate Willetts.  
1st Bb Cornet—Carrie Chamberlin.  
2d Bb Cornet—Anna Batson.  
3d Bb Cornet—Carrie Rose.

1st Alto—Lenore Boyd. •  
Baritone—Lillie Crabbe.  
Tuba—Lou Rutledge.  
Cymbals—Jennie Hudson.  
Tenor drum—Bertha Boyd.  
Bass drum—Nettie Gilmore.  
Manager—Prof. E. D. Wood.

## ADDRESS AND POEM BY JOHN W. DU BOIS, OF FAIRFIELD.

PRESIDENT OF THE OLD SETTLERS' ASSOCIATION OF JEFFERSON COUNTY,  
A PIONEER OF 1838.

*Fellow Citizens of Iowa, and Old Settlers of the Black Hawk Purchase:*—Permit me to extend to you, and to your presiding officer, my life-long friend, the best wishes of an old Pioneer for this kind reception.

It has been many long years since I first saw Burlington. I remember among my first acquaintances, Charles Mason, Shepherd Leffler, Wesley Jones, F. J. C. Peasley, S. B. Wright, who are dead. I am glad to behold a goodly number of early friends who still survive. There are ladies here who ministered to the wants of a dying sister, the only one I had on earth, the wife of E. H. Thomas. I have no words to express the obligations I am under to you.

I would that I had time to speak of the life and times of the Sac Chieftain, Black Hawk. The historian writes him down a savage. This term savors of prejudice, and perhaps does injustice to him. It may be characteristic of a savage to hold in veneration the graves of his kindred, to watch with the eyes of an eagle the interests of his tribe, and defend with Spartan courage his home, the wigwam of his wife and children; but I have seen white men that boasted a christian training, who gloried in these attributes.

We dwell with pleasure on the memories of our life upon the frontier. In our rude cabins the music of the spinning wheel was heard, and in rough verse my mind still lingers upon the picture in the olden time.

## THE MUSIC OF THE SPINNING WHEEL.

The poet writes that music  
The passions will allay,  
The coarser, rougher frailties,  
That men bring into play;  
But the music of the early days  
That o'er our hearts' would steal,  
Was the music in our cabins,  
The music of the Spinning Wheel.

From early dawn 'till dewy eve,  
Across the puncheon floor,  
The patient wife of long ago  
Her bound stepped o'er and o'er;  
The roll in fingers deftly held  
That lay beside the reel,  
Drawn out so long and very smooth  
By the music of the wheel.

Dear maidens of these latter days,  
We write you of the past;  
From seed sown in the long ago  
The harvest's come at last;  
The toil and care of mother dear,  
Should cause your heart to feel  
That there is a world of meaning  
In the music of the wheel.

My Hawk-Eye sons of noble form,  
Who listen to my rhymes,  
Think of a mother's care for you  
Back in the early times,  
When in Linsey-woolsey jacket,  
With your elevated heel,  
You gave the school boy's racket  
To the music of the Spinning Wheel.

#### ADDRESS BY DR. WM. R. ROSS, OF LOVILIA, MONROE CO.

My first visit to "Flint Hills" was in July, 1833. I selected my claim west of, and adjoining White and Mc Carver's claim. I then returned to Quincy, Ill., hired three or four men, and sent my father with them to build a cabin for the reception of my goods, which I landed here the last week in August by steamboat, consisting of dry goods, groceries, drugs and medicines.

In the fall of 1833, I sent a petition to the Postmaster General to establish an Office at "Flint Hills", which was done in the spring of 1834. I was commissioned Postmaster, and Carrier for "Flint Hills" to the nearest Post Office in Illinois, once a week at my own expense, until a regular route was established by the Government.

I obtained license at Monmouth, Ill., and was married under a sycamore tree on the east bank of the river, Dec. 3, 1833. (The bride of that occasion, Matilda, daughter of Col. William Morgan, subsequently Chief Justice of Des Moines county, was introduced, and in her venerable age bowed to the audience in grateful appreciation of the respect shown to her.)

In the fall of 1833, I had two cabins built on my claim west of this Park, which were occupied by my family in March, 1834; also a cabin for a school house, and for preaching, which was occupied by Mr. Phillips, whom I hired to make rails, and fence the ground for pasture and garden.

In 1834, I had rails made, and fenced 160 acres, and put 80 acres in corn on what is called the Judge Mason farm. I also had 40 acres in corn on the John Pierson Sr. farm.

In the spring of 1834 I received the laws with instructions from Governor Mason, of Detroit, Michigan Territory, to notify the people to hold elections to fill the different offices of Des Moines county, which had been established the winter previous by the Legislature of Michigan Territory. I was elected clerk of the Court, Treasurer and Recorder.

In the fall of 1833, I surveyed the town. In January 1834, the citizens met to name it; John B. Gray, of Vermont, proposed Burlington, which was acceded to.

In the winter of 1833-4 I wrote to Rev. Peter Cartwright on his route north, at a quarterly conference twenty miles east of Burlington, to send me a preacher. He licensed Barton G. Cartwright, who came to my house on my claim, in March 1834, with an ox team and plow to break prairie through the week, and preach for us on Sunday.

He and Mr. Ritchie, of Illinois, broke and planted on my prairie claims, afterwards owned by Judge Mason and John Pierson, Sr.

On the return of Peter Cartwright from his northern trip, he was accompanied by Asa Mc Murtre, and W. D. R. Trotter, of Rock Island, and Henderson River Mission, who crossed the Mississippi to my house, and with Barton G. and David Cartwright held a two days meeting in my pasture on this hill, and organized in May a class of six members, and appointed me Class Leader, the oldest in Iowa.

In 1834, I boarded Zadoc C. Inghram, who taught a school in the log cabin on my claim, the first school in Iowa.

I fenced the block east of the Public Square, and built a huge log house which was occupied by my family in the spring of 1835, where the first Post Office and the first Court was held.

In 1837 I commenced the foundation of Old Zion Church, and built the house, which was free for every Order to preach in, and was occupied three sessions, 1838-9-40, by the Legislative Assembly of Iowa Territory, and by the Federal and District Courts.

#### REMARKS OF THE GOV., HON. BUREN R. SHERMAN,

*Ladies and Gentlemen:*—I have protested all day against doing any speaking, and will only make a few remarks. I came here to-day to enjoy the festivities of the day with you. I am not an old settler enough to be able to address you, and I have no speech to make. I am glad to-day to associate with you and refresh the memories of events of the first fifty years.

Prof. Theodore S. Parvin, of Iowa City, delegate of the State Historical Society, briefly reviewed his coming to Iowa in 1838 as Private Secretary of Robert Lucas, the first Governor of Iowa Territory, and paid a tribute to his purity, integrity and firmness of character.

#### ADDRESS OF GENERAL GEORGE WALLACE JONES, OF DUBUQUE.

Grasping the hand of his old colleague, and holding it up, General Dodge said:

In early days the pioneers always estimated a workman by his chips. Here, ladies and gentlemen, is the hand that chipped Wisconsin out of Michigan; that chipped Iowa out of Wisconsin; that chipped for us six hundred and forty acres of land covering this original town at a mere nominal price; and to the same hand more than any other man or representative, we are indebted for our railroad grants.

Gen. Jones said:

*Ladies and Gentlemen.*—I thank you and all here for your cordial greetings, and for the kindness and hospitality always extended to me in your goodly city, and particularly upon this joyful occasion.



I have been familiar with the site of Burlington since the year 1827. In early times, when we traveled principally by water, I was here very frequently, and made the acquaintance of some of your pioneers.

I have a distinct and most pleasant recollection of my first electioneering visit to this city and county. I came as a candidate for your suffrage to elect me delegate to Congress from Michigan Territory, in the month of September, 1835. I visited Augusta, Fort Madison and other neighboring precincts. I was here on the day of the election, in October, 1835, and of some two hundred or more votes polled there were but six against me.

I was also a candidate for delegate to Congress from Wisconsin Territory, in October, 1836, and was again honored with an almost unanimous vote by the first settlers of this county.

I will not refer to subsequent honors which many of you aided to bestow upon me, but will say that I labored faithfully, and I hope not without success, to promote your interests both under the territorial and state governments, and that I shall always be grateful to you.

The lateness of the hour, and the many gentlemen who are yet to follow me, forbid that I should occupy more of your time.

#### ADDRESS OF SOLOMON PERKINS, OF NORWALK, WARREN CO.,—THE FIRST SHERIFF OF DES MOINES CO., IA.

I am not in the habit of making speeches, but I will endeavor to tell you how I got into Iowa. I was born Feb. 1st, 1801. In November 1832, I crossed the Mississippi at Oquawka. I wandered in my travels down to "Flint Hills", where I remained some three days, and then went out and staked off my claim, consisting of some 320 acres; this land had not been surveyed, and I stepped it off, putting up stakes at the corners. Then I went back to "Flint Hills. White, Doolittle and Mc Carver had built a ferry boat, and I helped to launch it into the river, and to put the oars on it, and I was one of the first to cross the river in it, being then upon my way back to Warren county, Ill.

On the following first day of June, 1833, I returned to my claim to settle upon it. In April or May before, the soldiers had been ordered to burn and throw down all the cabins on the Iowa side of the river, because the time for settlement by the whites had not arrived; but they did no damage to my claim because it was farther out, being some five miles from Burlington; (Township 69 N. Range 3 W).

The next thing I did, was to build, with my brother-in-law, Joel Hargrove, another ferry boat, at what was called Lower Burlington. It made Mc Carver very angry at us, and he would threaten us. Hargrove being a Kentuckian, made sport of him, telling him, "he would not let any one hurt him", meaning Mc Carver. After running the ferry a short time, we sold out to Col. Redman, from Illinois.

The first merchants to locate in business at Burlington were Wm. R. Ross, Sullivan Ross, and Jerry Smith.

In the fall of 1834, I was elected the first Sheriff of Des Moines county. My first arrest was for the murder of a man named Compton, by James Dunwiddy; my next for the murder of a man named Richardson, by Henry O'Hammel. Richardson had laid a claim above town, and had got several men to help him raise a house, while breaking prairie; after the house was raised, the men with Richardson at their head went to where O'Hammel was breaking prairie, and were following his breaking team with his gun loaded. Upon seeing Richardson and party, O'Hammel knocked the priming out of his gun, and put in fresh priming, calling the company to halt. The company stopped, when O'Hammel deliberately shot Richardson dead.

I served two terms as Sheriff; first, under Gov. Stevens T. Mason, of Michigan Territory; second, under Gov. Horner. I took the census of Des Moines county in August 1836, when there were 6257 souls in it.

I lived in the county some eight years. Afterwards I moved to Warren county, Iowa, and was not in Des Moines county until now, making an absence of forty years. And now returning to my old tramping ground what do I see? All is changed. I go down to the old ferry I used to run, and find it its stead a wonderful structure of iron, a bridge instead of a ferry. I view the surrounding country near by, and it is built up solid with stone and brick blocks. I can hardly realize that forty years can work such miracles. I inquire for my old friends and comrades, and I find that nearly all are gone; those I do find are changed; in place of the dark locks, they are gray.

It gives me pleasure to renew old friendships and revive old recollections at this celebration. I am more than ever impressed with the glories of our grand State of Iowa, and hope you will ever keep the early settlement of Des Moines county green in your memories.

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#### REMARKS OF SUEL FOSTER, OF MUSCATINE.

*Mr. President and Fellow Citizens:*—This is a great day for Iowa. When we look back through the short time of one generation, and see what a great and good work we have done, we have cause for rejoicing.

We came here and squatted upon Government lands, some of us before the United States surveyor had surveyed it into townships and sections. We had no laws recognizing any right or title to our houses and lands. By our own hands we made our primitive homes. We found it necessary to establish rules and regulations to govern and protect our ownership. Each neighborhood enacted its own "claim laws"; limited the quantity of land, usually to 320 acres; some neighborhoods 160 acres, for each settler, provided a book of records with the names and boundaries of claimants, and a committee to settle disputed rights. Sometimes parties would refuse to abide the decision

of the committee, and would appeal to the "shot guns" or rifle, usually more threats than shots.

The First Legislative Assembly of the Territory of Iowa at its session in this city, passed a law Jan. 15, 1839, recognizing the rights of property in the squatters home, and the decision of claim committees. An execution for debt could be levied upon the claim.

But in this favored land, while we had less difficulties than many new settlements, we had the inconvenience of the want of a community; neighbors being few and far between. The laws and regulations of the General Land Office were such as embarrassed us, by bringing into market large quantities of land with few actual settlers, to occupy it, while large quantities were sold to non-residents; thus spreading the frontier settlements over wide acres, without roads, bridges, schools or churches, causing children to grow up without education, or to be sent from home at great expense to be educated.

Home is the best school. If our people would give more attention to making it attractive for their children, we would have fewer drunkards, paupers, and criminals, a wiser and better government, and God would more abundantly help our State and Nation. The family is the most sacred place, and the laws should "regulate" families by more severe penalties for improper conduct.

Three days ago, Mr. Bailey Davenport, son of Col. George Davenport, after whom Davenport is named, took me in his carriage south of the city of Rock Island, to the spot where Black Hawk was born, his old village ground near the mouth of Rock river. We ascended the bluff to "Black Hawk's watch Tower", from which we had a view of one of the most beautiful countries to be found in the West. Rock river is dotted with beautiful islands, which were cultivated by the Indians in corn and beans when they lived there. This was the spot which Black Hawk said the United States defrauded him out of.

Mr. Davenport believed that he and his brother George L. Davenport, have the rightful claim of being the first settlers of Iowa. There was a large spring two miles above where Davenport is, and several other squatters had their eyes on it to make a claim to it as soon as the first of June should arrive. To make sure of being ahead of others, they crossed the Mississippi at two o'clock in the morning, took a small plow with them, and with the assistance of some other boys who drew the plow, they had land plowed and turnips sown before sunrise.

Next above the Davenport claim on the river shore was the claim of Dr. Emerson, who was surgeon at Fort Armstrong on Rock Island. He was from St. Louis, and had brought a slave with him to Fort Armstrong. On the removal of the garrison to Fort Snelling in the summer of 1836, he left his slave to keep his claim to a half section of land in this free Territory, then a part of the Territory of Wisconsin. His slave was Dred Scott, about whom arose the famous "Dred Scott Decision." I had the pleasure of seeing this distinguished per-

son myself in 1837, when he was living in his shanty on Dr. Emerson's claim.

At the close of the exercises at the grand stand a motion was made and unanimously carried, for a vote of thanks to General Dodge for the able and courteous manner in which he had presided on the occasion, and three cheers were then given for this gallant veteran and splendid specimen of the true American gentleman.

In acknowledging the compliment, the General said it was the happiest day of his life, and that he never felt so rich as at that very moment.

## EXERCISES AT THE WEST STAND.

HON. A. G. ADAMS, PRESIDING.

### ADDRESS OF HON. A. G. ADAMS.

*Ladies and Gentlemen:*—We meet to-day to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the first settlement of this territory; to take by the hand friends who, in the good old days, shared with us the joys and discomforts of the pioneer life, and bid them welcome to our homes and firesides.

The name of Black Hawk Purchase, by which this territory was well known, has been forgotten, as well as the names of landmarks and neighborhoods. In fact, most everything of olden time has been lost sight of except the faces of our old friends, many of whom are with us to-day.

In the midst of our pleasure and happiness to-day, let us not forget those who are unable to be with us, or those who sleep their last sleep. Contrasting the past with the present, we see what wonderful changes have taken place; what great progress has been made in everything connected with life.

Who of those days with the most fanciful imagination could have conceived the great progress that *we have* seen in our State; changes that are wonderful to contemplate. From the Indian wigwam to the palatial mansion, from the log school house with puncheon floor, log seats and desks to the best public educational edifices in the world, from the out door councils of the red men to the most beautiful and ornate legislative and judicial structures.

Who can fortell the progress of the next fifty years?

Burlington is truly historic ground, having been one of the two capitals of Wisconsin, the first capital of Iowa with the Old Zion church state house; the place where councils were held with the Sac and Fox Indians, and their trading post, the county seat of Des Moines, the mother of counties, one of only two counties in this territory in the year 1836; the home of Mason, Coolbaugh, Starr, Grimes, Warren, Browning, Breckenridge, Hall and many other distinguished and honored citizens, who contributed much toward the growth

and prosperity of our grand and noble State. Our time being very limited and there being so many of our old friends that we want to see and hear, we shall be compelled to limit the time of each speaker to five minutes.

I have now the honor and pleasure of introducing to you the eloquent and honorable Mr. Belknap.

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#### ADDRESS OF HON. W. W. BELKNAP, OF KEOKUK.

*Fellow Citizens of Burlington:*—I had no idea until my friend told me of it last night that I was to say something to-day, and while I thank him for his recognition, I must say how gratified I am in being with you on this day, made historic by its associations, and one which in coming years when a renewal of these scenes occurs will be alluded to as the beginning of a significant commemoration. The changes which have made their mark in the history of your city and of the State since I landed at Keokuk thirty years ago, are a marvel and a wonder to any one who will recall the past.

From point to point communication was so slow that the present swift movement by rail could be hoped for, but never expected. The stage coach since then has become a thing of the past, and its slow movements are only known like a tradition. I well remember when in 1855 the road which connects this city with Chicago was opened, and in Marion hall the eloquence of Douglas and the strong words of Cass, in celebration of the event, spoke of the energy of the achievements, and foretold in language which seemed like exaggeration, the results of invention and the triumphs of science in the future. But their words, prophetic as they were only, touched the borders of reality, for beyond the prospect of their highest hope have great results been reached. In this matter of travel alone, in the progress of the land, increased speed is but a type of its continuous development in other periods. Thirty-five years ago the lines of iron through New York were not continuous. Men had to sail from Buffalo across the lake, for there was no road then as now upon its margin. There was none around Lake Michigan, Chicago had to be reached by water; thence to La Salle the traveler could choose between stage-road or canal, and thence the Illinois river took him to St. Louis, six days or longer from New York. But since then beyond all promise has progress been made. The States are ribbed with roads, and the burden which the traveler of those days bore in the slowness of travel, becomes a pleasure to us in these days of constant movement. And by this progress this city has made its population thousands, and the State approaches millions. We have a State worthy of every tribute that can be given her. Rescued from savage hands fifty years ago, it has advanced in all material improvement beyond the predictions of prophecy, and stands proudly among her sisters, causing at times their envy, but captivating their regard. Her little battallion of a few hundred men sent to the Mexican War in 1846,

were, though small in number, as gallant and brave and as full of patriotic zeal, as were the 80,000 who took up arms when rebellion tried to break the bonds of Union, but the contrast between the numbers on the rolls showed the extent of the march of the State in wealth, population and strength. Her gallant sons have fought and fallen in historic fields, and have raised the State to a career of patriotic progress, which cannot end with years but only with centuries.

And in meeting to-day to honor this fiftieth Anniversary of the rising empire, we realize the patriotism of the people, and gladly recall the motto which will belong to Iowa forever.—“The affections of her people, like the rivers within her borders, flow to an inseparable Union.”

#### ADDRESS OF HON. CALEB F. DAVIS, OF KEOKUK.

*Mr. President, Ladies' and Gentlemen:*—I am not one of the “Old Settlers” of Iowa, and presume I am captured by your venerable President, because I live in a city named for one of the oldest settlers, “Keokuk”. I will make no apology, as others have made, that they had no expectation of being called upon, and were taken by surprise, then take a manuscript from their pocket, and read carefully a prepared speech.

I have given some attention to the presentation of the faces and history of the early settlers in this part of our State. I have a photograph of Keokuk, the Indian Chief, copied from a daguerreotype presented by the “Chief” in person to John Burns Esq., of this city; also one of “Black Hawk” copied from a painting made by Catlin in a log cabin, owned and occupied by Isaac R. Campbell, in 1838, at “The Point” where the city of Keokuk now stands. Keokuk was a man of peace and friendly to the whites. Black Hawk was a warrior, and ever ready to fight the pale faces.

“Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war;” while Black Hawk was distinguished in war, your venerable President is no less distinguished in the arts of peace; thus far there is a likeness, yet truth demands me to say that Black Hawk had much more hair on his head.

I came to Iowa, landing by steamboat at Keokuk, thirty-four years ago, then a very young man; the truth of which you will readily confirm from my present youthful appearance. I was employed as a clerk in a dry goods store, the senior member of the firm being General Arthur Bridgman. That name calls up memories of the early history of Iowa and Burlington, when General Bridgman, with George Patridge, now of St. Louis, Ward Lanson, now of Fairfield, and others were among the first merchants of the State at Burlington.

Mr. Bridgman and Mr. Lanson are present to-day.

I well remember the difficulties of transportation in those days. The merchants of Burlington traveled by stage coach (Frink and Walker line) to Keokuk on their way to St. Louis, and in low water all freight for this point from below had to be transferred at Keokuk.

I remember a remark of one of your oldest citizens and best merchants, Col. John S. David, while waiting for a boat at Keokuk, and talking about the advantages of the respective towns, that "Burlington is a very nice town, but located just forty miles too far up the Mississippi river."

We of Keokuk are glad to join with you in this celebration to-day, and with other visitors to your beautiful city, listen to the talk of the few remaining grand old men who were in at the birth, and who aided to rear the State, and place upon our flag one of the brightest stars in our galaxy. We bear willing witness, and are indebted to you, citizens of Burlington, for your cordial reception and bountiful hospitality.

#### ADDRESS OF COL. J. C. PARROTT, OF KEOKUK.

Unexpectedly called upon for a few remarks, and not addicted to speech making, I will merely relate some little incidents which took place in this district at a very early day.

I had the honor (for honor I call it), when I was young to be connected with the 1st U. S. Dragoons, of which regiment the honored father of the President of this celebration was Col. Henry Dodge. He was stationed with the headquarters of the regiment at Fort Leavenworth. A detachment of said regiment was sent to what was known as Camp Des Moines, on which ground the town of Montrose now stands. I came there in September, 1834, and was one of a party who went up to Salem, Henry county, to quell some Indians who were thought to be hostile by a white settler at that place; but we found the Indians peaceable and almost starving, took them down to camp, and supplied them with rations sufficient to last one week; but the Indians were so hungry that they consumed all the provisions in one day.

Since that time what immense changes have come over this commonwealth, the early settlers can only realize; what changes will take place in the next fifty years, our children and grand-children will have to note. For your kind consideration I thank you.

#### ADDRESS OF COL. BARLOW GRANGER, OF DES MOINES

*Mr. President and Fellow Citizens:*—It is indeed a pleasure as a citizen of the present Capital to be one of this vast assemblage in this lovely and prosperous city, where was our first Capital. In the summer of 1848 I first came to the State, and was glad to get a passage in a rickety hack, drawn by a pair of crippled old horses, to the Upper Des Moines Valley. A comparison with the present means of travel is unnecessary.

In 1849, was established the first newspaper, at the present Capital, then Fort Des Moines. The material was hauled in wagons by ox teams from Iowa City, then the Capital; and the party in charge,

team and all, were lost three days on the prairie where Grinnell now is. The first paper was printed in a log cabin, one of the old Fort buildings. The publication was considered a great undertaking at the time. To-day at the same place we have a wonderful city and newspapers and printing offices too numerous to mention. Then, remnants of Indian tespees were in existence, and parties of Indians occasionally visited their old homes and shed tears over the graves of their ancestors. Near Iowa City a flag was kept floating over the grave of a favorite young Chief. Our friend Sarpy still had his trading house in Iowa. Kanesville now Council Bluffs, was the rendezvous for the Mormons, their starting point for "the promised land."

Comparing then with now, if the spirit of progress has moved majestically onward, making this dreamy vision of the past a dull reality, what finite mind can comprehend the possible realities of the next fifty years? With the proposed "Tri-Centennial Railroad" completed, and Kamchatka and Patagonia connected by the iron band, our people exchanging visits and products with the people of Brazil, what next? A trip around the world in some conveyance propelled by electricity, perhaps! Had some visionary predicted, when this was the Hawkeye Capital, that away in the Indian wilds, where the Des Moines and Raccoon join their waters, would be our own grand city, and a magnificent Capitol, a splendid specimen of architectural beauty erected for the public business of the State, our old friends would have given loud expressions of disbelief. Yet we have them. The feasibility of a railroad connecting North, Central, and South America has been discussed, and perhaps a company is already formed having that object in view, calling their proposed road "The Tri-Centennial" If taking ships by rail, or any other way, across from Ocean to Ocean, is practicable, it must be equally practicable to build a railroad through Central America, rough as her mountains may be. If this be done, (visionary as it may seem, it is not impossible), need we now attempt to figure out the condition of our own garden of the world, placed as it will be on the main line, when this good city of Burlington holds the Centennial Anniversary of the settlement of Iowa.

#### ADDRESS OF HON. PHINEAS M. CASADY, OF DES MOINES.

*Ladies and Gentlemen:*—My feet touched the soil of Iowa for the first time at Burlington in May 1846. The citizens then had the reputation of being enterprising and hospitable. They have deservedly enjoyed that reputation from that day to this. By the arrangements for this celebration, and the hospitality extended to the vast multitude here assembled, they are entitled to the continuance of that good reputation, and to the thanks of all the people of the State for their efforts in making the Semi-Centennial Celebration so great a success.

As one of the evidences representing the great change, and the



rapid growth of Iowa, I will state that the Senator representing Marion, Jasper, Polk and Dallas counties, and the country west to the Missouri river, and north to the State line, in the Second and Third General Assembly, resided at Des Moines, then a village of one hundred and fifty people, now a city of thirty thousand inhabitants, the Capital of the State, with a Capitol building nearly completed. In no spirit of boasting, but as an historic fact, I had the honor to be that Senator.

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#### ADDRESS OF RICHARD SPENCER, ESQ , OF BURLINGTON.

*Ladies and Gentlemen:*—I did not suppose that our worthy chairman was going to impose upon this large assemblage by calling on me to address you. I had hoped that we should be permitted rather to listen to the first settlers who laid the foundation of civil society here, to the pioneers who toiled and suffered, to establish political institutions and social order in this goodly land fifty years ago. I feel that I am out of place, being neither a pioneer, nor yet a public speaker, and in no way fitted to do justice to this interesting occasion.

As I said, I am not one of the pioneers; and yet I came here at a very interesting period in our history, when railroads were just entering this young and sparsely settled State, and in consequence the eyes of investors and home seekers all over the eastern states were turned in this direction. At that time the only public means of travel to the interior was by the old-fashioned stage coach. Now, how different! With six thousand miles of railroad reaching out into every direction, covering the entire State with its net work; our then weary miles of uninhabited prairie, now covered all over with highly improved farms; the few cabins given place to large and well furnished farm houses, filled with rich and happy people; the few villages grown to flourishing cities with an intelligent and industrious population. What a wondrous change! What marvellous development in so short a time!

Nor is the physical growth of our State the only feature for the indulgence of honorable pride. Our country is dotted over with evidences of moral and intellectual growth. The common school, the college, the church, and institutions for education in every department of art, science, taste and social refinement of which the older States boast, have a place among us at least as prominent as in those States.

I am sure the world at large will not charge us with undue boasting, if we indulge a little honest pride in the achievements of the half century just closed.

But many, indeed all us who have been witnesses of, and participants in these interesting events are admonished that we are not so young as we were, and that we shall soon be called to vacate our places, to lay down the active duties of our station, and that all these

growing interests must be committed to other hands. Is it too much to hope in this imperfect and selfish world, may we not at least indulge the wish, that when our children and children's children come to celebrate (as they certainly will,) the anniversary crossing the line of a completed century, a moral order with no abatement in physical progress or intellectual activity may be established here so far in advance of present attainments as to challenge universal admiration; conditions of society in which the comfort, happiness and highest good of each shall be felt to be the ambition, the end and aim and chief desire of all?

### ADDRESS OF DR. J. N. SHAFFER, OF KEOKUK.

*Ladies and Gentlemen:*—It is my good fortune to be one of the glad and happy number that meet here to-day. I feel the enthusiasm of the occasion, that would "make the stones cry out" and am proud to address such an audience as this. I have seen crowds in many parts of this broad land; but no assemblage of people anywhere in the United States has a higher title to all that is noblest and best than a congregation of Iowa people. You are well dressed, good-looking, orderly, and every man, woman and child is proud of the achievements of the past, and the possibilities of the future.

Now, and then! In 1852 I came to Keokuk, and on May 8th took the stage for Fairfield, making the journey in twenty-eight hours. Now, the same trip can be made six times a day in less than six hours. I came with my newly wedded wife to Burlington in April, 1856, and taking a hack at 8 o'clock in the morning reached Fairfield at midnight. Now, more than a dozen trains cover the distance in less than three hours. It required four days to make the journey from Fairfield to Des Moines on horse-back. The Capital city then had only 600 souls; now, 25,000; then, the crossing of the Des Moines river a rope ferry; now, the bridges connecting East and West Des Moines are as numerous as the streets.

To what are we indebted for this wondrous growth? Under the blessing of Providence, all is due to the blessed Government under which we live. The emblem of it is the flag of our country. Let us revere it and stand by it. Take it (Lifting a flag from the arch over the stand, and handing it to a lad who was listening), take it my boy! Ever honor it, emblem of the Government which will protect you in all lands! Commit to memory the grand words of the poet:

"No summer garb, the wonder of a day,  
Born but to bloom and then to fade away;  
A giant oak, it lifts its lofty form,  
Greens in the sun, and strengthens in the storm;  
Long in its shade shall children's children come  
And welcome earth's poor wanderers to a home;  
Long shall it live, and every blast defy,  
'Till Time's last whirlwind sweeps the vaulted sky."

## ADDRESS OF GEORGE C. DUFFIELD, OF KEOSAUQUA.

*Mr. President, Ladies' and Gentlemen:*—I presume that no person here to-day is so much surprised at being called on to make a speech as myself. I never attempted it, and surely do not feel qualified to address this large assembly. But as I am a member of the Methodist church where we are in the habit of giving in our experience, I will try to give you part of my experience as an "old settler."

Fifty years ago I lived in Illinois within fifty miles of this place. My father came to what is now Van Buren county in the fall of 1836, and located his claim. He returned to Illinois, and in April, 1837, moved his family; being the first white family west of the Des Moines river in Van Buren county, which was then an undisturbed wilderness.

At that time Black Hawk and Keokuk were there with many of their bands. I was personally acquainted with them. They have frequently eaten at my father's table.

It is not necessary for me to recite the hardships and privations of a frontier life. You have heard many related to-day. I know of them all. I know all about grinding buckwheat on the coffee mill, planing corn from the cob with the jack-plane, and pounding the corn in the mortar. I well remember those days; I was thirteen years old, old enough to carry a rifle and hunt with the Indians, which I very soon learned to do. They were happy days to me. I was little concerned how the nine children were to be fed, clothed and cared for through the winter of 1837, while mother sat by the lard lamp, hung by the log fire, making buckskin breeches and hunting shirts for her seven boys, until the joints of her fingers were swollen double their usual size. I was a happy, thoughtless boy, thinking little of the anxieties and hardships my parents were enduring. But they lived to enjoy what they gave the strength of their years to accomplish the raising of their large family, and the upbuilding of the material interests of the country. Both died in the eighty-sixth year of their age.

Friends, I am proud to stand here to-day, and feel that I have contributed my mite to the greatness of this grand State. The presence of Dr. Shaffer reminds me of the State Agricultural Society, and that he was one of the first to organize it, and for many years its Secretary. The first State Fair, held in a small lot enclosed with brush and rails, compares with the last, held at the capital, as the Burlington of 1833 compares with this city to-day.

I remember well the first school house west of the Des Moines river. I helped build it, the "Martin" school house, in 1839; made of logs, one log cut out, and greased paper put in its place to give light; puncheons with log legs for seats. George N. Rosser was Master; we had no teacher. The Reams, Martins', Lewis', and Mathies were the scholars; no pupils then.

A friend remarked to me a short time ago that he would like to

live his life over. I do not know what is in the future, but I am glad that I have lived to witness the unexampled developments of our grand State in the past forty-seven years.

#### MR. CHARLES J. DODGE, OF BURLINGTON,

Said that it was an unexpected pleasure and surprise to be called upon. It was the first Semi-Centennial, as might be judged, he had ever attended. When he made his advent into Iowa, he came without any "Saratoga", and, in fact, with no other than nature's baggage. He remembered quite distinctly when he had taken his gun, in his younger days, and hunted chickens near this very spot. The forest of gigantic trees had disappeared, and in its place could be seen beautiful residences and blocks of buildings. As a speck in the distant horizon developed into a tremendous storm, so has Iowa's small beginning grown into a sublime result. A State ranking first in many gifts and second in few. With such a soil and climate as God had given us, well may we "Hawkeyes" feel a commendable pride in the growth and development of our State. As we judge the present by the past, impossible would it be to predict the future of Iowa. An area magnificent and resources boundless portend an unknown future in all that constitutes a great commonwealth. Young as he is, he could not prevent his heart from swelling with state pride, and he was free to acknowledge it. He hoped to meet all at the prospective Centennial celebration, and that they would have a good time then as now. He felt a deep interest in this event, but not being, in truth, a very old settler, he would give way to older men.

#### MR. JOHN W. BURDETTE, OF BURLINGTON.

He did not know why he was called on by the chairman for a speech on this occasion, for he could lay no claim to being an old settler of Burlington, nor, indeed, of anywhere else. He wasn't permitted to settle in Iowa fifty years ago. In fact, when the events occurred which this immense concourse of people had met to commemorate, he hadn't settled anywhere, but must have been prospecting somewhere. And when he did settle a number of years afterwards, he made a mistake and settled in Ohio. But he had endeavored to correct it and settled in Iowa just as soon as he found out it was the place to settle in.

We have every reason for gratitude and honest pride to-day. Pride, not, perhaps, in our own achievements, but in the sturdy manhood, the bravery, the fortitude, the endurance of those who opened up the country to civilization; who, struggling in their hardy courage to maintain a cabin in the wilderness, had planted an empire blessed with all the progress and advantagess of the highest civilization.

Their imagination never pictured the scene of beauty and rejoicing that greets us to-day; their minds never conceived the blocks of brick and marble, the paved streets and the palatial homes that to-day surrounded their successors; but in hewing the forest, they built up a state permanent in prosperity, intelligence and progress. Truly they builded better than they knew; and we, to-day, rejoice in the results of their labors in which we had comparatively so small a share.

#### ADDRESS OF J. D. M. HAMILTON, OF FORT MADISON.

*Mr. Chairman, Ladies' and Gentlemen:*—It is with unfeigned pleasure that I appear before so many of the Old Settlers of Iowa, and mingle my voice with yours in this celebration. This beautiful garden situated between two mighty rivers, lining its eastern and Western shores, was selected as their home by the "Old Settlers", and consecrated to us as a heritage. It is not strange that we, upon whom rests the prosperity of this inheritance, should meet this day with the true and tried sons of Freedom, and kneel around the same altar. We see with pride the vast concourse of people who have come here to-day. The example of such worthy Statesmen as Dodge, Grimes, and Jones, who assisted in bringing this State into existence, will ennoble and elevate the patriotism of many a young heart. Fifty years ago, a few log cabins and a few hundred people! To-day, nearly two million souls, more than half as many as the original thirteen colonies, with a network of seven thousand miles of railway, and cities full of industrial vigor! How appropriate that we come together in this beautiful city, the Metropolis of Iowa, and celebrate this day! Let us cherish our institutions, uphold our laws, maintain our rights, and hope for a bright future. As the ancient Greek patriot erected an altar consecrated to his country, so by our presence here to-day we have erected a similar altar, and lighting upon it the sacred fire *esto perpetua* we consecrate this grand inheritance to the future.

#### ADDRESS OF HON. D. M. CLARK, OF NEW YORK, WAYNE COUNTY.

*Mr. President, Ladies' and Gentlemen:*—Captured on this occasion, and introduced as a Greenbacker, (no other one being introduced as republican or democrat), I will say in answer to your introduction, Mr. President, that we hope to teach the two old parties to work more in the interest of the people, and not spend so much time in legislation for monopolies in the future as they have in the past. But enough on that subject.

Times have changed since I crossed the Mississippi in 1841. Then our mails were carried on horseback generally, sometimes on foot; now, by steam at twenty-five to forty miles per hour. Then, we had

but few newspapers; now, we read dailies West from the Press of Eastern cities. Many persons here recollect when we cut grain with reaphooks. Now, a twelve or fifteen years old girl can guide the team with our self-binders, to cut twelve to fifteen acres, and bind the grain in a single day, doing the work of twenty men fifty years ago. Then our mothers spun and wove our clothing from wool and flax; now, a girl in one of our factories will spin or weave more cloth in a single day than our mothers' could in a life time. What a change in Iowa in forty-two years! Then, almost a boundless prairie, with villages few and far between; now, I have ridden by steam to nearly every county seat in the State, and we have about two millions of as intelligent people as are on the globe.

May Iowa steadily improve the next fifty years as she has in the past! Who can imagine the population and wealth when Iowa's Centennial comes round, or what influence she will wield for the benefit of mankind?

The Chairman at the conclusion of Mr. Clark's remarks, adjourned the meeting until 1933.

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## EXERCISES AT THE NORTH STAND.

THOMAS HEDGE, JR., PRESIDING.

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### REMARKS OF THOMAS HEDGE, JR., ESQ.

*Fellow Citizens of Iowa*:—We devote this day to the pleasures of memory. We are here to repeat and to hand down the story of a beginning, to look up the first land marks, to trace the original foundation of our State, and to revive the fame of the first settlers, the planters of our prosperity, the road-makers of our progress. Our happy experience proves the truth of the saying, "Happy is that people whose annals are tiresome"; for there was nothing eventful or romantic in our origin. It was not a Norman conquest, or a landing of the Pilgrims;

"Not as the conqueror comes, they the true hearted came;  
Not with the roll of the stirring drums, and the trumpet that sings of fame."

They did not come in search of civil or religious liberty. That they had to their full desire already. They came as come Americans, to gain a living, to establish homes, carrying the axe, the hoe, and the rifle. They were for the most part men and women of faith, of energy, of thrift and common sense, and must have been endowed with foresight and largeness of view to have given so happy direction to our development. The result we are so proud of to-day, and so grateful for, cannot be attributed to accident. An early and constant exercise of wisdom and the homely virtues has changed the il-

limitable waste of fifty years ago to this blooming garden we call "Iowa". Right notions of living, clear conceptions of private and of civil duty have filled our State with prosperous and peaceful homes, and have so multiplied the common schools that the boy of ten years who cannot read for himself his "Robison Crusoe" is harder to be found here than in any equal area of christendom.

But it is no part of the plan or purpose of this Celebration that the sons and daughters of the Pioneers should be detained with remarks from me. Their heirs and successors desire to hear the voices, and look upon the venerable faces of those who still remain, and listen to their reminiscences of the early days. We hope that they will not confine themselves to stories of successes and triumphs in the wilderness; the result suggests and proves such things; but that they will also tell of those failures, blunders and mistakes, which our exceeding human nature leads us to believe and to hope they made. And if they had any interesting sinners among them who came here in search of that moral freedom which the prejudices of older society denied them in the bailiwicks they left behind them, we beg that their names may be rescued for at least a moment from their comfortable oblivion.

We later men of common sort may thus to-day be encouraged in our belief that by the proper performance of our common duties, under that beneficent Providence which has given us this goodly heritage, and caused the sun to shine so constantly upon it from that first June day when the whites came in and passed it, we shall preserve it for our children and their children a land of sunshine, prosperity and peace.

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#### ADDRESS OF EDWIN MANNING, OF KEOSAUQUA.

*Mr, President, Ladies and Gentlemen of Burlington:*—I am before you to-day to represent in part the early history of the Des Moines Valley. I trust you will pardon any errors you may discover, and accept my brief remarks as the best my memory serves me.

In January, 1837, myself and Captain Hall sojourned a few days in this handsome Valley. The "Half Breed Tract" was at that time an attractive point. The old chief, Black Hawk, and his family were then living a few miles below Fort Madison. We gave them a pleasant call, and were treated kindly. Our stay in the Valley was short. I made a small investment in "Half Breed Tract", and left.

The outlook was encouraging, and I returned and attended the first Land sale at Burlington in Nov. 1838. Here were assembled the early Pioneers of Iowa to secure the titles to their homes. It was a grand and noble assemblage of the hardy men who had located in the Black Hawk Purchase, and a new and interesting scene to me to witness the harmonious, social, goodly feeling on that occasion. General Dodge and General Van Antwerp officiated in the Land Office, and sold the lands to the actual settlers. The bulk of the sales

was stricken off to Dr. Barrett, Sterling and Benedict, who were the money kings of that period. The settlers paid from 25 to 50 per cent to secure their homes. It seemed opportune for both settler and capitalist to meet and arrange terms so pleasantly. It demonstrated that capital and labor were friendly elements, and could work together. This period was practically the starting point for permanent homes in Iowa. The Des Moines Valley was held to be the "Egypt" of Southern Iowa, for here the corn never failed to grow.

In the spring of 1841 the roads were new and heavy, and transportation was high from Keokuk to Fort Des Moines. I was in St. Louis, and the Quarter-master gave me a contract to deliver supplies for the post at Fort Des Moines. This I did by chartering a steamer and delivering by water navigation. Arriving at Fort Des Moines safely, Capt. Allen, who was in command of the post, bestowed the hospitalities of his quarters upon me, and sent a carrier to the chiefs and head men of the nation to come in and accept a free ride upon the steamer. This they did. After which they treated us in return to a fine Indian dance, with war-hoops and the usual antics of some three hundred warriors and best men of the nation. This was near the close of the Red Man's career in their native homes in Iowa.

The next advance movement was in 1843. At this date the "New Purchase" attracted large settlements, and in a short space of time the best portions of the Valley were occupied by actual settlers. They conceived a great value in the Des Moines river water power, and induced the Legislature to great privileges for dams and locks. A few were made but proved of temporary value.

The next decade brought the River Improvement. In this enterprise great credit was properly given to General Dodge, then in Congress, whose deserved popularity was a strong element in obtaining this valuable grant of lands to improve navigation and create water-powers. It was a grand boom for the Valley for a short time; but the volume of water was found too great to warrant and justify the improvement, though similar improvements prior to this date had been successful in Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Kentucky, and were a precedent for us, a guide. After a fair trial it proved to be behind the age, and not suited to the wants of the Valley.

In 1841, the productions of the Valley had become sufficient to require navigation of the Des Moines river. Prior to this date, flats were the only mode of transit to market, owing to the dam obstructions. As I had inaugurated navigation and "run" the first flatboat laden with pork, and sunk it twice, and made money by so doing, it was my province to re-open navigation in the spring of 1851. Giving the mill-owners due notice of my intention, I proceeded to St. Louis and chartered the "Jenny Lind" steamer and barge, to "re-sure" from St. Louis to Des Moines. The high water of that year contributed to my success, and we reached Farmington in accordance with my previous notice. The citizens were surprised at the first sound of the steam-whistle for many years. The only difficulty here was the dilapidated lock-gates, which I caused to be pulled out and sent adrift.



This done, the great scarecrow to navigation was overcome, and the river once more free for commerce and trade. This little expedition was matured in my own mind, probably the outgrowth of my early experience in first navigating the river. The Old Settlers will never forget the gala days that followed the opening of navigation in 1851. My first trip rewarded me with a thousand, which justified my insurance, and evidenced the value of navigation, and the merchants were not slow to see it.

The next advance movement was the Valley Railroad. The iron horse, steam and rail, soon superceded slack water. The best men in that enterprise saw its failure, and petitioned a transfer of the balance of the grant to the Valley Railroad, which bid fair to be the peer of the C. B. & Q., in all respects; but failing in subsidies equal to the latter, it could not maintain equal progress. One other fatal error in its policy was to ignore western branches. Had it adopted a branch through the southern tier of counties, where the people were clamorous to give their swamp lands to aid it, to-day Keokuk would have been the peer of any city in the State. Failing to do this she must acknowledge that "Flint Hills" has blossomed a Burlington that truthfully may be said is the "Hub" city in Eastern Iowa; her industries of various kinds, her commerce, and her railroad facilities reaching through the State, give her unexcelled advantages in the great traffic of the age. In all this the C. B. & Q. Railroad with her ample subsidies has been one of the strongest elements to aid Burlington in her progress to the high rank she takes among Iowa cities.

But there is another and more valued retrospective view to be taken that overshadows all others; and that is to recall the memorable names which are interwoven and inseparable in Burlington's prosperity and greatness. Most prominent in my memory whom I am pleased to name, are James W. Grimes, Judge Mason, General Dodge, Wm. Salter, Judge Hall, H. W. Starr, Coolbaugh, Gov. Gear, Lyman Cook, E. D. Rand, Browning, Warren, Judge Rorer, A. G. Adams, and many others. Their names will be remembered and go down to posterity for their virtue and integrity of character, that not only illuminates Orchard City, but the State at large enjoys the heritage of these good men's acts. With these remarks I close.

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#### REV. W. F. COWLES, OF BURLINGTON,

The founder of the Division Street M. E. church, remarked that it was a snap judgment to ask him to come upon the stand and speak without preparation, and then limit him to five minutes, when it took fifteen to start, and twenty to stop. The men of fifty years ago had no idea that we would have to-day a population of nearly two millions. The preachers were foremost in helping to make Iowa what it is. We need politicians, but must have the preachers to tell them when they are going wrong. Iowa leads in every thing, even the

largest republican majorities. I am glad my children were born in Iowa, although I am a native of New York. They need never be ashamed of Iowa as she has better schools, teachers, churches and preachers than any state in the Union. Dr. Vernon, the standard bearer in old Rome, is a native of Henry county, Iowa.

#### ADDRESS OF W. B. CULBERTSON OF BURLINGTON.

*Ladies and Gentlemen:*—It is true, as said by our worthy chairman, who was my school mate in childhood and as mature years have come upon us, is still my friend, that I was not born in Iowa, but came here, however, before the scalpers left. (In the generosity of my nature I will pardon the inference.)

It is good for us to be here to-day, for the oid, the middle-aged and the young to hear narrated the incidents attending the early settling of our State. When I came to Iowa, forty-three years ago, a child of four years, civilization extended but fifty-six miles west of here. The remainder of what now comprises the State was the property and home of the red man. There are more people attending this celebration than were in the entire Territory of Iowa forty-three years ago. Iowa is one of the grandest States in the Union; noted all over the land for her brave men and patriotic women. God bless the women of Iowa, especially the pioneer mothers! I cannot find words to express my gratitude to them, who endured the trials and privations of pioneer life, and nerved and encouraged their husbands in the work of making Iowa what she is. Do you not remember when our flag was being trailed in the dust that these noble women urged their husbands sons and brothers to go and help save our country, and like the Spartan mother, bade them return "with their shields, or upon them". In this celebration and in all others that may follow, let us not forget to render unto the women of Iowa, the credit due them for making us what we are, not ceasing to regret that they had not better material to work upon. To-day Iowa has more churches and school-houses and less ignorance and vice according to population than any other state in the Union. Standing upon the banks of the mighty Mississippi, in the bright and beautiful sunlight, I say to you that Iowa does not owe her greatness and prosperity to any particular church or political party, but to the noble women and men who had the nerve, pluck and energy to come here, clear up the wilds, and make our land blossom as the rose.

In conclusion, permit me to make reference to the overwhelming debt of gratitude under which we shall ever remain to the pioneer M. E. preacher. But for them this fair land would now be overrun with the traditional yellow legged chicken. All thanks to the martyr Methodist preacher! You have received a sermon from one of the preachers, you have heard and endured a plea from a lawyer, and it is but meet that you should give your kindly attention to the doctor. The thought presents itself to me forcibly of the proximity the

three professions have toward each other; the doctor kills, the preacher gives the sermon, the lawyer settles the estate, but rarely upon the heirs.

Henry Moore was introduced as the Patriarch of Burlington, a Mayor of the city, 1842-3, a pioneer of April, 1834, a continuous resident from that time.

#### REMARKS OF HENRY MOORE, ESQ.

*Ladies' and Gentlemen:*—Called on to say something concerning my first settlement in Burlington, I respond with pleasure, and will mention, certainly in no spirit of boasting, that I came in April 1834, and found but two families residing here, and they were living in what were called "claim cabins".

As I was a carpenter, I assisted in the erection of the first frame building in this city; and anxious to promote our ferry interests, I also aided, in July or August of '34, in laying off and marking out a road through the bottom on the opposite side of the Mississippi, an important improvement at that day.

The work we accomplished by hitching two yoke of oxen to a log and hauling it across the bottom, and by blazing trees so as to make a trail to intersect the road leading from Rock Island to "Montebello", below Nauvoo, on the Rapids. It is now a dead town but was then the county seat of Hancock county.

I resided here before either the city or county was organized, and in my humble way, assisted in the work of both.

I mentioned in some remarks that I made two years ago at the "Old Settlers" meeting, in Fort Madison, that I also assisted to build the first framed building in that town. I brought to Madison and Burlington I am sure, the first complete set or box of carpenter's tools ever used in either of these cities, and I have generally kept them bright.

In common with all who came when I did, I have witnessed with pride and gratification the marvelous growth of our City and State; and I hope they may continue to grow and prosper.

#### ADDRESS OF HON. JOHN VAN VALKENBURG, OF FORT MADISON.

*My Fellow Citizens:*—My feet first pressed the soil of Iowa, just as its name was being entered on the roll of states and before the territorial garb had been thrown off.

Being impelled westward by that spirit of restless adventure so characteristic of the American people, on October 18, 1846, my eyes for the first time beheld the site of your magnificent city, then a town of less than three thousand inhabitants, nestling on the western shore of the Mississippi; now a city of over twenty-five thousand people and hourly growing into more colossal proportions.

Those pioneers relying on their strong arms and brave hearts to earn an honest livelihood and overcome all obstructions to a higher and nobler type of civilization laid here, the foundation strong and deep of a great city and a great state. Those noble men and women builded better than they knew, and to-day, whilst we celebrate the golden anniversary of a new commonwealth in the valley of the Mississippi, let us not forget those heroes and heroines of history, who were the architects of Iowa's greatness and grandeur. Their ashes are mingled with Mother Earth, but their heroic spirits we trust and believe, are with the redeemed in Heaven hard by the throne of the Eternal, where sorrow and death dare not enter. Their grand mission is achieved and they sleep in honored graves.

"The storm that wrecks the wintry sky  
No more disturbs their sweet repose,  
Than Summer evening's latest sigh,  
That shuts the rose."

It has been my precious privilege to be an eye witness of some of these terrible struggles, privations and sacrifices incident to the settlement of a new country and to day in all this vast multitude of people who are surging through your streets and enjoying your lavish hospitality, none more fully appreciates the luscious fruits and golden results of our half century's progress, than your speaker.

As their successors and representatives we are here to mingle our songs of rejoicing, over the glorious event that opened these broad and fertile acres to civilization and progress, and where myriads of happy homes have been carved out; and from hill and dale, from valley and prairies we have come to-day to recount the triumphs and trials of a half century and to prophecy concerning the wonderful changes that may be wrought in the oncoming fifty years.

With our thirty-five millions of broad and fruitful acres, a salubrious climate, schools, academies, colleges, universities, newspapers, secret societies, churches, charities, mines and railways without number, who can predict our manifest destiny!

But greater still is Iowa in the sterling character of her almost two millions of people. Upon the integrity, patriotism, virtue and intelligence of the people, she bases her solid claims to true greatness.

*What constitutes a state?"*

\* \* \* \* \*

*Men who their duties know, but know their rights, and knowing, dare maintain.*

\* \* \* \* \*

*"And sovereign law, that states collected will,  
O'er thrones and globes elate,  
Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill."*

Our population from every quarter of the globe, are characterized by their industry, energy, wisdom and monuments of their skill, taste and genius, are all around and about us.

Your own city has had a wonderful growth and its future greatness is now well assured.

These palatial residences, these splendid temples, dedicated to the worship of the living God, your beautiful Opera House, expensive public buildings, public library, street railways, Union depot, water works, great business blocks, railways, public school buildings, and University—all, all attest its greatness and reveal a mythical growth. No wonder you feel an honest pride in this your adopted city.

Here too, was the home of the lamented Grimes and is the home of the Peerless Dodge, two names so intimately connected with the national and political interests of the commonwealth. Their influence discreet counsel and broad statesmanship largely conducted in moulding and shaping our destiny and in placing us in the front rank of the North-western states. Their names are indissolubly linked with those of Curtis, Crocker, Rice and Warren, and a host of others, whose deeds of valor on the tented field, are now known and read of all men; and whose names are written in fadeless lustre upon the hearts of their fellow countrymen.

#### ADDRESS OF HON. WESLEY C. HOBBS, OF ST. LOUIS.

*Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:*—In a public career of a number of years I have many times addressed the people of Iowa, but I want to say to-day at the outset of my brief talk, that on no occasion heretofore have I felt the honor as I do now. To be present, and look into the faces of this vast audience, on the fiftieth anniversary of the State, in which I first saw the light of day, is a privilege and honor, the equal of which will hardly occur while I live. I am not old enough to tell you of 1833, but I do remember the pioneer days of Iowa. I do remember when the red men were still here and white people few. I do remember when the breezes came to us across a vast unbroken stretch of prairie laden only with the perfume of wild flowers, and musical only with the hum of the wild bee as he winged his flight toward the woods that bordered our streams. I do remember the sound of the settlers ax which rose like an echo of the sturdy shout from the vanguard of civilization. I do remember when the blue smoke curled up from the pioneer's cabin, and barefooted boys, dinner basket in hand, started cheerily off for the university of the back woods.

This institution of learning did not rear an imposing front of æsthetic proportions to challenge the admiration of the young learner of that day. The materials were cut from the surrounding forest, notched together and raised into the unpretentious log school house. Upon either side was ranged a row of wooden benches from which the feet of the smaller boys hung and swung a foot from the floor. At the end opposite the door was the immense fire place in which blazed huge hickory logs and in the hot ashes of which whole pockets full of yellow crab apples were roasted, dexterously placed there when the

teacher's back was turned. "Teacher" did I say—no, no, I am comingling that modern with the olden. We had no "teacher" then—he was the "master", and the master had no "pupils"; we were "scholars". The master's ever present badge of authority I must not forget—indeed, there is little danger of that for I am sure the flight of years can never banish the vivid tingling memories of that tough, young hickory wand.

But old times have passed away. The log school house with its horizontal window and wide fire-place has given place to the elegant city edifice and the neatly painted country school house. Time in its unceasing flight has taken away the log school-house, and him who taught therein, and keeping abreast with the march of the century, we may not say we wish them back. And yet we cannot bid them farewell without the tear of regret and a word of respect.

We will not claim for you, old friend, that your unhewn logs and clap-board roof were specimens of architectural beauty, nor that the master who within your humble walls mended our quill pens was the equal of the professor, who in slippers, gown and glasses occupies the richly endowed chair of the modern college; but this we say, grand was your mission, and grandly has it been fulfilled! Is it true that the people of America are the most patriotic under the sun? The log school house of forty years ago was the temple where the young worshiper knelt at the shrine of liberty. On every field where the armies of the Republic have struck for right, the voices which commanded victory to our banners had once echoed in boyish shouts from the rafters of the log school house. The boy who sat upon its rude seat now adorns the judicial bench of the highest court of his country. The lad who under that clap board roof repeated the immortal words of Patrick Henry, has since made the arches of our national Capitol ring with impassioned eloquence, that Cicero's self could scarce have equalled. The youth who doffed his hat and made his awkward bow to the master in that log school house door has since stood in the grand reception hall as Chief Magistrate of the Nation, and acknowledged the salutations of the representatives of the kings and queens of the earth. No, no, old friend, you shall not be forgotten! Hereafter, let him who would paint a picture of our national greatness and our country's glory, while he shall show upon the canvas spires of grand cathedrals, busy marts of trade, observatories of science and monuments of patriotism; while these appear, let him not forget to paint in the foreground, embowered under native forest trees, the humble log school house of pioneer America.

Permit me to indulge in a prophecy. The one hundredth anniversary will be celebrated, as is the fiftieth, and in Burlington. We of middle life will all have passed away, but there are lads here now who will be there. There are boys and girls who will remember what the brilliant and eloquent Craig has said and how he looked. Copies of the Burlington papers, yellow with age and carefully handled, will be here to gratify the curiosity of the young. I feel no fear in predicting that Iowa will then contain a population greater

than that of the thirteen colonies when they shook off the yoke of England. I do fear, however, to speak of the hundred thousand inhabitants of Burlington, for fear these lads, safely surrounded by a quarter of a million people, should smile at the smallness of the numbers. However this may be, these boys will say: "If those old fellows were here to-day wouldn't they open their eyes and keep their tongues still! Could they come from their graves to-day they would think they had awakened in another world."

In closing, let me say to the young men I see before me: Fifty years ago there were young men here as you are. Their future stretched away before them as does yours. I have one of them in mind now, and for your encouragement let me tell you of him. With that laudable ambition to excel, which all should possess, he found himself here amid the "Flint Hills," surrounded by hardy pioneers. Placed where he could assist and benefit the early settler, he did it. With natural gifts far above the ordinary, which he could not help knowing, he was so *American* that he grasped the hard hand of the wood chopper with as hearty a pressure as he gave to the soft palm of the aristocrat. Unyielding, unbending integrity was his rule of life. The voters of those days of purity and incorruptibility appreciated the abilities and integrity of this manly young man, and honors came thick upon him. Serving his State and the Republic on both sides of the Atlantic, he made for himself a name which is safely embalmed among the archives of America's temple of fame. It was when he had reached the topmost round of the ladder, at a time when many men forget their youthful struggles, that this noble man took kindly by the hand a college student who was struggling both through ill-health and poverty for an education. His words of cheer and encouragement through those days of youthful trial, are, and ever will be remembered; for I am myself that struggling student of near a quarter of a century ago.

I need not name the Statesman, the *citizen*, the MAN to whom I refer. He is presiding to-day over this great Semi-Centennial Celebration; his voice still ringing out in tones of eloquence and love in his proud review of the history of the grand State which owes so much of its greatness to the work of his hands. Young men! were I conscious that these were my last words to you, I would point to the life and labors of A. C. Dodge, and would say, "Go ye and do likewise."

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The remarks of Prof. Parvin appear below not having been received in time for insertion in their proper order.

#### REMARKS OF T. S. PARVIN, OF IOWA CITY.

Prof. T. S. Parvin, of Iowa City, was invited to the stand and introduced by his old friend Gen. Dodge, as the private Secretary to the first Governor, Robert Lucas. The General said Prof. Parvin had seen the quick progress Iowa has made during these years, and in her

political, educational and religious history, had been an active participant, and he would address the people.

Prof. Parvin came forward and remarked that he had had no thought of speaking upon this occasion; that he had listened with the greatest interest to the very able address of his friend, the eloquent orator of the day (Mr. Craig), that he had enjoyed beyond expression, the pleasure of meeting so many of his old friends, old settlers of the long ago, many of whom he had not seen since 1840. It was a pleasure indeed, he said, such as falls to but few only once in a life time, to grasp the friendly hand and look into the eyes of those who with him had at that early day helped to lay the corner stone upon which Iowa's fair and beautiful temple had been built.

At an early day he had journeyed by stage from the Atlantic to the Mississippi river, and from Iowa, the Indians fairest hunting grounds, but recently rescued from their grasp and a narrow strip bordering the great river open to settlement. During the months just passed he had journeyed in palace cars pulled by iron steeds from Boston to San Francisco, and found that Iowa rather than the former city was indeed "the hub of the universe". Situated in the heart of the Mississippi, the greatest and richest valley on earth; Iowa was the garden spot of an earthly Eden. But more than this she has become by the intelligent activity of her patriotic and industrious people, one of the most advanced and advancing civilizations of the age. Her educational and moral progress has kept pace, in advance, indeed, of her physical development and progress. The school-house crowned every hillside, the church is found in every valley, and the busy hum of industry is heard in every town and city, while the call bell sounded most pleasantly at every farm house summoning the sons of industry from the broad acres of cultivated fields to the homely meal of the busy house wife. The language of the Bible had been realized and now we find thousands of cattle feeding upon our hills.

It seems but yesterday, said the speaker, so rapid is time in its flight, since Iowa was born, so young is she to-day—half a century, so short in the measurement of the world's history, is yet long, because the full measure of the time in the reckoning of ours. Iowa has a name only of fifty Suns, as the Indians would count; its territorial existence runs back to a period, so many of us recall to-day, of only half a century less five years, while our state organization is shorter by almost a decade. Not a building of all those in which a million and three quarters of free and happy people dwell to-day, dates back over a limit of forty-five years within a month. Prof. Parvin remarked he had stood with bared head and reverential awe in the Cathedral of New Mexico at Santa Fe, dating back centuries. And yet the progress of the people there could be measured by days. Iowa became a state and entered into the most holy union of wedlock with her sister states of this great nation in her fifteenth year of age. Now Mexico with her three and one third centuries seeks not yet to enter upon the new life which marks an era in political progress. It is the



people which under God's guidance marks the difference. The Anglo Saxon yankeeized by New England and Eastern habits and modes of life, with the training their schools and churches gave her sons and daughters, came to Iowa and possessed the land, and gave her the good name she bears whenever the language is spoken. This land is ours, the speaker said, many of us came and took possession at an early day; others still have come upon our invitation, and now it is ours with all its rich heritage, to pass Iowa along the lines to our children and others that preserving the memories of the past, they may in the blindness of the future recall the hour, the day, and the place, in which we do say join hand in hand in recounting these things.

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HON. GEORGE W. JONES.

The sub-joined remarks of ex-Senator Jones were not received in time for insertion in their proper place, and are therefore given below.

*Ladies' and Gentlemen:*—The kind and complimentary manner in which your President has been pleased to present me to you, is most embarrassing—the more so, because I am not a trained speaker, and am wholly unaccustomed to addressing large masses of my fellow citizens.

It is my misfortune also to follow the Orator of the day in his truly Demosthenic address—one of the most beautiful and eloquent to which it has ever been my good fortune to listen.

But if ever so fluent a speaker, the time so delightfully passed in the exercises of the day, including the magnificent procession, and the soul stirring music which accompanied us through your beautiful and flourishing city, admonish me that I must be brief. I came here not to speak, but to participate in this glorious celebration, confident in the hope and expectation of commingling with old friends and former constituents, and of shaking hands and conversing with them and their descendants. I have done so and with feelings of pleasure beyond anything that I can command words to express.

In the exuberance of his kindly feeling for me, the President referred in terms too flattering to my services as your delegate in procuring a division of Michigan, and the establishment of Wisconsin Territory the 4th of July 1836; of the division of Wisconsin two years thereafter and the creation of a separate Territorial government for Iowa; of my being the foster father of the two Territories. He also alluded to the 640 acre grant which I procured for your original town site, and to my successful labors in effecting the passage of laws granting lands to our State to aid in the construction of railways across it.

As the matter of my humble stewardship has been introduced, certainly without any such expectation on my part, I hope I may be excused for referring to a few measures of a beneficial nature accomplished by me, not mentioned by your Chairman, but in which I feel some pride. I allude to my success in procuring appropriations for the ex-

tinguishment of the title to lands owned by the Winnebago's, Chipewewa's, Sacs, Foxes and other tribes residing within the two Territories, and for the construction of wagon roads in the same.

I also had the good fortune to secure the first appropriation for the removal of obstructions to the navigation of the Mississippi, at the Des Moines and Rock River Rapids. To accomplish which work I had the since greatly distinguished Gen. Robt. E. Lee designated, (he then being a Lieutenant in the U. S. Army.) He was appointed by the head of the engineer corps, the ever to be lamented Gen. Charles Gratiot [than whom there never was a better friend to the infant West, or a more capable, accomplished, honest and efficient public officer,] to make the survey of those Rapids, and expend the money appropriated for their removal. I also had the first Land Offices created in your Territory, and the office of Surveyor General for Wisconsin, Iowa, and Minnesota organized, and the office located at Dubuque, when I was a citizen of Wisconsin. Besides the donation to Burlington of 640 acres of land, I secured like grants to each of the towns of Fort Madison, Bellevue, Dubuque, Peru and Mineral Point. For all of which, however, I have been more than compensated by the plaudit "well done good and faithful servant." The most pleasing sound that ever rang in the ears of a representative.

Of course my dear old friend and companion, in the Black Hawk War, and colleague for two terms in the Senate, would fail to tell you that I am indebted chiefly to his deceased, generous, heroic father, (the late Henry Dodge, who died in this, his favorite city, in 1867,) who struck terror into the hearts of the red men of the forest in the wars of 1812, 1827, and 1832, for having extended to me, in early life, the hand of friendship, and made me his aid de camp in the Black Hawk War, and helped me to attain the places of Col. and Gen. of the Militia of Michigan and Wisconsin; also that of County Judge (as his successor), and delegate to Congress. If modesty had not prevented, he could have told of his own services when under fifteen years of age, in the Winnebago War of 1827, with his only brother, Henry L. Dodge; how he and I campaigned together in the regiment led by his gallant father; of how we slept and sweetly, too, o'er nights, with our saddles for pillows, and resting upon the under saddle blanket, with no other cover than the upper saddle blanket, save the starry heavens; of how frequently we swam rivers together, drawing over them the hastily constructed rafts, laden with men who could not swim; and when at one time for several days our only rations were fresh beef killed and butchered upon the ground, the hard cooked and burnt part being used as bread, we having none of the staff of life, and being without flour to make it. He might have informed you how as brother Senators, we worked by day and sometimes by night, drawing up and preparing Bills for pre-emption and homestead rights, appropriations for the Rapids, and to secure grants of land for the four railroads which traverse our State, from the Mississippi to the Missouri, and also for the Union Pacific railroad for which we spoke and voted, not mentioning private bills and acts of service for our constituents.

I am tempted to retaliate some of his complimentary references to me by telling you how as our Representative to the Court of Spain, he was spoken of by Lord Howden, Her Britanic Majesty's Envoy to the same Court, in letters to Secretary Cass as the man above all others, whom he, Howden, would select as his counsellor and adviser on account of firmness, intelligence and thorough understanding of his duties. Our illustrious countryman Wm. Cullen Bryant, who visited Madrid during General Dodge's residence there, thus also spoke and wrote of him. Not long anterior to his death, I met ex-President Pierce at the Astor House in New York City, where in a long conversation with me he mentioned that of all the foreign appointments made during his administration he believed that of Gen. Dodge, as Minister to Spain, to have been the best.

Ladies and gentlemen, pray pardon the rambling and desultory character of my remarks. This is a time of "jubilee" and hilarity, answering if you please, to the saturnalian days of Old Rome, when the privilege was allowed even to the veriest slave, to speak as he pleased to his master. I have done so. Though once your servant, and honored in being such, we now meet on terms of equality, except that I am largely your debtor for unrequited favors and particularly for this delightful entertainment, and the opportunity it affords of meeting dear old friends and acquaintances. Your celebration is a great success, and reflects lasting honor on Burlington. It is grander and more imposing than the Le Clede Centennial celebration, which I witnessed in St. Louis years ago.

In conclusion, I beg to express the deep gratitude I feel to you, especially the pioneer fathers for the unmerited honors so often conferred upon me. I have ever felt proud and thankful for that almost unanimous vote given to me at this precinct in Oct. 1835. (All save six voted for me.) Of the overwhelming majority you accorded me on the 10th day of October, 1836, and for the unanimity with which your representatives in the Legislature voted to elect me one of the first Senators from Iowa, to the Congress of the U. S., on the 7th day of December, 1848.

Your presiding officer, my life long and devoted friend, Gen. Augustus C. Dodge, was the unanimous choice of our party for Senator. Not so with me. I had to beat some ten or eleven of the ablest and best men of the State. I hope they have forgiven me as cordially as I do them. I shall not repeat the offence.

With the earnest hope that God may bless and prosper you, your city, our State and Nation, I bid you good-bye.

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It was impossible to obtain a full list of Old Settlers who were present upon the different platforms in addition to those whose names appear in the proceedings. The following is an imperfect list:  
Hon. Alfred Hebard, of Red Oak, member of the 3d and 4th and 6th Legislaivte Assembly of the Territory of Iowa, and of the 1st General Assembly of the State.

Hon. George Chandler, of Union Township, Des Moines county, member of the 7th Legislative Assembly of the Territory.

Hon. Timothy Day, of Van Buren county, member of the 3d Constitutional Convention, 1857.

Hon. James D. Borne, first sheriff of Clinton Co., and member of the 2nd General Assembly of the state.

Hon. W. H. M. Pusey, M. C., of present Congress, of Council Bluffs, also formerly member of the 7th and 8th General Assembly of the State.

Hon. Jerre H. Murphy, of Davenport, present M. C.

Alexander Cruikshank, of Lee county.

Wm. Brownell, of Keokuk.

Charles Hendrie, of Council Bluffs.

Prof. Nathan R. Leonard, of Iowa City.

Prof. Milton L. Comstock of Galesburg, Ill.

Mrs. Erastus Woodward, of Union township, Des Moines county.

Hon. Charles Baldwin, of Van Buren county.

Mrs. S. B. Maxwell, of Des Moines, State Librarian.

Mrs. Major Jeremiah Smith, Jur., oldest pioneer lady.

Wm. Garrett, of Burlington.

Mrs. Martha Garrett, Burlington, daughter of Judge Rorer.

Mrs. A. T. Hay, daughter of Jeremiah Smith, Jur.

Mrs. Charlotte Ryan, Burlington.

John Burkholder, of Benton township, Des Moines county.

N. Littler, President Old Settlers' Association, Washington Co.

Wm. Moore, Washington county.

Mrs. Basil Williams, Washington county.

Hon. S. A. Russell, Washington county.

J. L. S. Levy, Washington Co.

J. H. Wilson, Washington county.

Isaac Edwards, Washington county.

Joseph Griffith, Washington county.

J. W. Neal, Washington county.

Hon. George D. Rand, Keokuk.

Hon. Wm. Morrison, Iowa City.

Hon. E. W. Lucas, (son of Gov. Lucas.)

Capt. J. Watts Griffith and Lady, of Des Moines.

Dr. Craig, of Rock Island.

### THE REGATTA.

The high wind that prevailed all the afternoon, whipped the water, and when the hour of starting arrived, the course was so rough that it seemed almost impossible for the light and fragile crafts to keep upright. However, there was to be no disappointment, whatever the interferences, and without endeavoring to pull for the speed, the program was carried out, and proved quite interesting to thousands who had never seen a contest of this kind. The result of the races is summarized as follows:

SIX OARED BARGE—"Bob Burdette"—F. Copp, C. Mauro, H. W. Schramm, H. Rand, G. B. Salter, C. I. Millard, A. Churchill, coxswain; "Burlington"—H. Hansen, F. Millard, W. Mc Farland, H. Mathes, Geo. H. Tousey, B. F. Pollock, E. S. Phelps, coxswain. The race was one half mile straight away, and was won by the "Burlington" crew.

FOUR OARED SHELLS—"Minnetonka"—E. Marshall, W. O. Ransom, S. B. Harrington, Wm. Carson. "Forbes"—C. H. Wyman, J. J. Ohrt, W. Eaton, C. H. Fowler, won by the "Forbes".

PLEASURE BOATS—"Sappho"—H. Mathes, F. Millard. "Lorley"—W. H. Mauro Jr., W. M. Mc Farland; won by the "Sappho."

SINGLE SHELLS—For St. Jacobs Oil Badge—W. Schramm, C. H. Wyman, was the last race and was won by Schramm.

Cal Follett, the submarine diver, anchored his boat at the foot of Valley street, and clad in his armor, gave an interesting exhibition of diving.

### THE EVENING.

With the coming of the twilight the illumination of the city began. Thousands of Chinese lanterns swayed in festoons along the principal streets, and embellished the fronts of many business houses from the first to the fourth story. The arches on Jefferson street at the intersection of Third and Fourth streets were brilliantly illuminated. As night settled upon the scene, a display of Fire Works was made from two large flatboats anchored in the river. It consisted of plain and parachute rockets, geysers of colored fires that shot into the air and burst in brilliant showers of green, red, blue and gold; enormous wheels that spun out their changing circles of beauty, terminating with appropriate mottoes, outlined in various colors; rows of burning fires reflected their colors upon the water and covered the River with the beautiful iridescence. The principal piece represented George Washington on horseback, and loud applause followed the development of the more appropriate one which blazed forth in brilliant colors "Flint Hills, 1833,"—Burlington, 1883."

### BOAT CLUB RECEPTION.

At the conclusion of the fireworks display the floor of the beautiful hall of the boat house was occupied by the dancers. At ten o'clock the house was uncomfortably filled, but by 11 o'clock enough had withdrawn to make it decidedly agreeable for the gay good-humored ones who remained.

The handsome fresco decorations of the room scarcely needed additional ornamentation, but to enhance the brilliancy and suggestiveness of the scene, numerous miniature banners of the republic were clustered about the chandeliers and along the walls, while over closed doorways were crossed oars, and depending gracefully from the arched roof was a handsome single shell. The lofty gallery was oc-

cupied by Professor Miller's orchestra, which rained down on the dancers the choicest music. It was not understood that the affair would be a full dress one, but still there were many elegant toilets and all were in good taste, and beauty and chivalry made an animated and brilliant spectacle whilst moving in the intricacies of the dance.

The gentlemen of the club and their lady friends were untiring in their efforts to make the night a memorable one to their guests, and it was evident they were successful. It was impossible to get the names of all from abroad, and a list of names obtainable is given.

Hon. J. H. Murphy, of Davenport, who was as young as any one in the room, and ex-Senator George W. Jones, of Dubuque, albeit seventy-nine years of age, were dancing like young men of twenty. And the ex-Senator remained until after twelve o'clock.

Hon. Wesley C. Hobbs, of St. Louis; ex-Mayor W. A. Morrison, and Ira J. Alder, of Iowa City; Charles and George Lauman, sons of the distinguished and lamented General Lauman, of our city; Abe Mitchel and wife, of Chicago; Hon. Geo. D. Temple, of Fairfield, Burney Temple; Mr. and Mrs. Smith of Fort Madison; Mrs. Lambert, Mrs. Geise, Mrs. Dickerhoff, Mrs. Wade, and Mrs. Lewis, of Muscatine; Miss Dolly Mc Cormick, Omaha, Nebraska; Miss Mary Newcomb, Quincy, Illinois; Miss Muser, Muscatine; Miss Lily Rogers, Portland, Oregon; Miss Annie Martin, Monmouth Ill.; Miss Carrie Shaffer, Fairfield; Miss Lucia Wright, Des Moines; Miss Julia Derby, Batavia, Ill., were among those present.

General A. C. Dodge, his wife, and many of the old settlers of the city looked on awhile during the forepart of the night.

At the Union depot, long lines of trains were filled with the multitudes returning to their homes, the word "Welcome" that had greeted them in the decorations of the morning were exchanged for an illuminated scroll with the words "GOOD-BYE".

*Semi* - CENTENNIAL PRAISE SERVICE.  
CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, BURLINGTON.

JUNE 3, 1883—7:30 P. M.

A spacious plain, outstretched in circuit wide,  
Lay pleasant: from his side two rivers flowed,  
The one winding, the other straight, and left between  
Fair champaign, with less rivers interveined,  
Then meeting joined their tribute to the sea.  
Fertile of corn the glebe, of oil, and wine;  
With herds the pastures thronged, with flocks the hills;  
Huge cities and high towered, that well might seem  
The seats of mightiest monarchs.

So large

The prospect was.

MILTON.

1.—Organ Prelude.

2.—Psalm LXVII.

3.—Prayer by Rev. John G. Rankin.

4.— Oh be joyful in the Lord all ye lands:  
Serve the Lord with gladness,  
And come before His presence with a song.

5.— Almighty, hear us while we raise  
Our hymn of thankfulness and praise.  
That Thou hast given the human race  
So bright, so fair a dwelling place.

That when this orb of sea and land  
Was moulded in Thy forming hand,  
Thy calm benignant smile imprest  
A beam of Heaven upon its breast.

Then stretched the plain to where the sky  
Stoops and shuts in the exploring eye,  
And fountains gushed, and rivers flowed,  
And fruits came forth, and blossoms glowed.

Oh, let us then with joy record  
The truth and goodness of the Lord;  
How great his works, how kind his ways!  
Let every tongue pronounce his praise.

*Tune, Uxbridge.*

6.—Home, Sweet Home.

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,  
Still be it ever so humble there's no place like home.  
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,  
Which, go through the world, you'll not meet elsewhere.  
An exile from home, pleasure dazzles in vain,  
Ah! give me my lowly thatched cottage again;  
The birds singing sweetly that come to my call,  
Give me then that peace of mind dearer than all.

## 7.—Address by Honorable A. C. Dodge.

*Ladies' and Gentlemen:*—Seldom have I spoken to an audience under more embarrassment than I feel to-night, in addressing you.

Though rejoiced to be with you on this occasion, the time, place and surroundings are novel to me and so different from the "Park" or the "Hustings", that I would decline to speak here but that I cannot refuse any reasonable service your worthy Pastor may ask of me.

In common with all "Hawkeyes" I realize that these are our "Semi-Centennial Days", "Iowa's Jubilee" and a fit time for rejoicing every where; especially within the churches it is proper to "Praise" and "Thank" Providence for having crowned our Nation, State, and people with its richest blessings,

Entering to-night this grand and imposing edifice of stone, fit temple for the worship of God, my memory turning in a Semi-Centennial direction, reverts to scenes and incidents connected with its two humble predecessors—one of wood, the other brick. From the former occupying this very spot, (the property of Amos Ladd), near the hour of midnight, Christmas Eve (Dec. 24, 1838) my wife escaped from under the blazing beams and rafters, through a window, barefooted and in her night clothes, carrying in her arms our first born, to the hospitable abode of my lamented friend, Wm. H. Starr. He came to my assistance, but our joint efforts against the devouring flames were vain. Mr. Ladd lost his house, there was no insurance then, and we lost all of our furniture, and nearly every article of wearing apparel, thankful that we escaped unhurt. This picture though sombre is relieved by the recollection of the unbounded kindness extended to us by all our neighbors. They not only gave us shelter, but the ladies, when informed of my wife's destitute condition, came, needle in hand to Mrs. Dodge's relief, and rendered most acceptable service, I assure you, for Mantau Makers' at that day were very scarce.

Neighbors for nearly forty years—some very happy ones, others were years of severe trial,—Dr. Salter must pardon the freedom with which I shall speak of him to-night, for I will refer to the services he has rendered to this community in general, and to my relations and family in particular.

Though now the honored and beloved Pastor of this magnificent church, peerless in our city, and surrounded by a large and appreciative Congregation, he is the same affable obliging and courteous gentleman as when long years ago, he preached in the humble brick, that rose phoenix-like from the ashes of Mr. Ladd's building. It was the next house to the one in which my lamented brother-in-law, James Clark, last Territorial Governor, resided and in which I subsequently lived many years.

When in 1850 that most frightful of all human scourges, the Asiatic spasmodic cholera appeared in Burlington, dooming to sudden and violent death a hecatomb of victims, Wm. Salter had the courage when others fled, to remain at the post of duty and of danger. He



faced the "Grim Visaged Monster" going as readily to the call of the sick and dying who were not of his own flock as to those who belonged to it. A Congregationalist good and true he nevertheless possesses liberal and enlarged sentiments of Christian charity, such as make him the friend of mankind, ever ready to assist with his ministrations, all, regardless of sect or denomination.

Among the victims upon the sad and memorable occasion to which I refer, were those near and very dear to me. As with the besom of destruction a beloved sister, her husband (Gov. James Clark), their son of tender years, (little James), and a valued friend, Mrs. Wise, (a visitor at their house), were all swept away, as it were in a day. The ordeal of death came suddenly and unexpectedly to Mrs. Clark, and when none of her relations were near. Her parents, my family and myself were at Washington City; but her thoughts like those of a true woman, were turned upon her three children, destined soon to suffer the irreparable loss of their mother. It was at that painful time when speedy dissolution was inevitable, that Dr. Salter and his amiable lady, unawed by the fear of contagion, visited my dying sister, and caught from her lips the aspirations she breathed to Heaven for the welfare and proper rearing of her children. These wishes he communicated in a characteristic letter, indited and forwarded to my sister, (Mrs. Bequette), in Wisconsin, to whom little Fanny, Henry and Kittie were taken by their uncle William, all under ten years of age, and Kittie less than twenty months old. Years afterwards he buried from my house, Henry Dodge Clark, only surviving son of Governor Clark, who died young of diseases contracted South, during his four years service in the Union Army. He must pardon me for saying that the funeral discourse then pronounced, was one of the most beautiful to which I ever listened—especially his allusion to the sudden and calamitous death of poor Henry's parents.

Dr. Salter is the Nestor of Burlington Preachers, and during his long Ministerial career, has imparted unspeakable consolation and happiness to heart stricken wives, daughters, and sons, whose relations, dying without the pale of the church, would have been denied christian burial, but for him.

I seize this opportunity to express my heart-felt acknowledgment to your Chesterfieldian Pastor for his many acts of civility and kindness to mine and me.

Especially do I thank him for the well deserved attentions he has bestowed upon my venerable impoverished, but most meritorious friends. Dr. Wm. R. Ross and his estimable lady. They are types of the hardy, enterprising men and women who came here half a century ago, most of whom have disappeared, forever from our midst. In looking down the dark vista of time, we soon behold the last one of those fathers' and mothers' whose feet first pressed the soil of Iowa. The few survivors are fast falling like ripened grain before the reaper. They have passed the long lane through which in hardship and suffering, many of them, for more than three score years and ten, have journeyed. The sun of their existence is fast setting, and to them,

hidden below the horizon of life. Already it has grown late and surrounded by silence and darkness, they are seen by the dim light of their expiring tapers to be laying down their weary bodies to sleep the sleep of death. The last of the "Old Settlers" are nodding to the tomb, and must soon be laid along side of their companions. Peace be to their manes. They leave behind the glory of the well fought battle, which has reclaimed an immense wilderness from the occupancy of savages and beasts of prey, converting it into productive fields; thus facilitating the onward march of improvement, and dispensing comfort and happiness to civilized man.

Extending our view beyond the Semi-Centennial one year to 1832, and six to 1827, we embrace two Indian Wars in the Territory of which Iowa recently constituted a part. In those times, all the inhabitants of Wisconsin and Northern Illinois, lived for many months in stockade forts, block houses, as we called them. One of these, the fort at Apple River, twelve miles only, from Galena, Ills., was beleaguered for two days, by Black Hawk, in 1832. Fathers were frequently called upon to defend their own thresholds, and mothers and sisters moulded bullets, and carried water, filling barrels in order to have a supply during the anticipated siege. My mother and sisters have done both. Families were sometimes awakened from sleep in the midst of conflagration and slaughter in some localities. The cows were milked and God worshipped under the surveillance of armed men, and virgins carried off into captivity by savage monsters.

Listen to the recital of one of these atrocities which occurred in May, 1832. It is from the pen of Governor Thomas Ford, and will be found in Ford's History of Illinois, published in 1854. On page 122 he says:

"Within fifteen miles of Ottawa (La Salle Co.,) Ills., the Indians massacred fifteen persons, men, women, and children of the families of Messrs. Hall, Davis, and Pettigrew, and took two young women prisoners. These were Silvia and Rachel Hall, the one about seventeen, and the other about fifteen years old. Some of the inmates were immediately shot down with rifles; others were pierced through with spears, or dispatched with the tomahawk. All the victims were carefully scalped, their bodies mutilated and mangled; the little children were chopped to pieces with axes; the women were tied up by the heels to the walls of the house; their clothes falling over their heads left their naked persons exposed to the public gaze."

Fortunately through the diplomatic services of a delegation of the Winnebago tribe, employed and sent on a mission to Black Hawk's camp, the Misses Hall were rescued, alive, and delivered to my father at the "Blue Mound," a frontier station, near Madison, Wis.; the price of their ransom being two thousand dollars, in horses, wampum and trinkets. Weather beaten, ragged and starved they were pitiable objects indeed when after long weeks of imprisonment among blood thirsty savages, they were again restored to civilization.

But if human agency could render compensation for calamities such as those young women suffered, it was afforded to them. Their condition attracted universal sympathy. They were safely returned

to kindred and friends laden with presents of money and goods, the outpouring of generous-hearted frontier women and men.

Death loves a shining mark, and surely the murderous Sac selected such a one when he slew the lamented Felix St. Vrain, broke the heart of his accomplished wife, and made orphans of their helpless little children. Mr. St. Vrain was a brother-in-law of ex-Senator Jones of this state; the trustworthy and meritorious U. S. Agent for the confederate tribe of Sacs and Foxes, including Black Hawk's Band. He was distinguished for intelligence, integrity, and for the deep interest he had ever manifested in the welfare of all the Indians, confided to his charge. He spoke their language, and they according to their custom had formally adopted him, not only as a friend, but a brother.

Notwithstanding all this when the parties confronted each other on that fatal 22d day of May, 1832, he, in the act of extending the hand of friendship and addressing words of imploration to the Chief "Little Bear" and his accomplices, not to spare his life, but, to desist from war against the whites, St Vrain with his associates, was shot down by those whom he had fed and sheltered and with whom he was as intimate as a brother. The bodies of himself and companions were mangled in the most shocking manner.

From the first landing of our forefathers on this Continent, down to and including the bloody events of the present day, truly does history repeat itself. The recent shocking murders which through a series of years have been committed along our extended frontier, the campaigns of Custer, Crook and many others, the late horrid killing of the Mc Comms' family and the capture of children, is but a repetition of scenes such as mark the early history of nearly every Western State. In many of which not alone did women and children perish, but whole armies like those led by Harmar, St. Clair, Dudley, Dade and others were not only defeated, but literally cut to pieces, barely a sufficient number escaping to relate the melancholy fate of their companions.

In the settlement of Kentucky, five of my father's uncles fell under the Indian hatchet. Among the incidents of his very earliest recollection was to have seen the dead and bleeding body of one of those uncles borne in the arms of another on horseback to the stockade Fort in which they lived.

My own brother, Henry La Fayette Dodge, U. S. Indian Agent in New Mexico, by appointment of President Pierce, was captured by the Appaches in 1857, and burned to death at the stake. Before his sad fate became known, as it did through friendly Indians, large rewards of every kind were offered in vain, for his ransom. Besides the tender of money; he might have successfully pleaded, (for he could speak ten different dialects), before any tribunal, other than the infuriated Apache, the preservation of the lives of two of their race, an Indian woman and her child, snatched by his own hands, from the jaws of death in the heat of battle at Bad Axe, exposed as he was to the fire of friends and foes when he accomplished the deed.

Or if hereditary acts of mercy and favor of older date and greater magnitude could have availed aught to stay the slow consuming fire of the stake and its agonies, my brother might have pointed the demoniacal Apaches to the lives of five hundred men, women and children of the Miami tribe, not only spared by his father after they had become his prisoners, but protected from almost instant death by Col. Dodge, who threw himself between the Miami's and the muzzles of a hundred and ten cocked rifles in the hands of Capt. Sarshall Cooper's Company, aimed at the Indians by brave but enraged Missourians, who had given way to the ignoble passion of revenge—the Indians having a short time before murdered a number of their kindred and friends.

I have referred to our Indian relations and wars somewhat at length in order to defend the government of my country, under all administrations, irrespective of party, against the charge frequently made, of injustice to the aboriginal inhabitants. Never was accusation more unjust. Witness the millions paid them for the lands over which they only roamed, as do the deer, elk and buffalo. None of the Nations that preceded ours in this Valley ever recognized Indian title, or paid them for land. See also the heroic and self sacrificing efforts put forth from time to time, by brave men and noble women to educate, civilize and christianize the red man. All ending, with a few gratifying exceptions, in lamentable failure.

Born west of the Mississippi, all my early life was passed on the frontier which, as a boy and a private, I twice aided to defend against savage aggression, I claim to know something whereof I speak. Instead of long since exterminating by the bloody hand of War, the remnants of an unfortunate race, which still lingers in our way, we have sought and are seeking to save them from their fate, by locating them on suitable reservations of land and protecting them against unlawful encroachments from the whites or from each other. Generosity and humanity have ever characterized the policy of our Government towards these people; while our treatment of them, far from disparaging, tends to add lustre to the National escutcheon.

All our early Superintendents and agents during the troublous times from 1827 and 1832, down to the date of the removal of the Indians from Iowa, were gentlemen of well known integrity and moral worth. They were Generals Wm. Clarke and Joseph M. Street, Messrs. Felix St. Vrain (killed by the Indians), Schoolcraft, Joshua Pilcher, Taliaferro, Beach, Gratiot (proverbial for his kindness to men of all colors), Marsh, Burnett, Davenport and others. The two first named, (Clarke and Street), were among the most eminent men of their day and distinguished for extraordinary services in peace and in war, as they were for all the qualities that grace and adorn human nature.

.8.— Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And never brought to min'?  
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And days o'lang syne?

CHORUS.—For auld lang syne, my dear, for auld lang syne,  
We'll tak a cup o'kindness yet, for auld lang syne.

We twa hae ran about the braes,  
 And pu't the gowans fine;  
 But we've wander'd mony a weary foot,  
 Sin auld lang syne.

We twa hae paidl't i' the burn  
 Frae mornin sun till dine;  
 But seas between us braid hae roar'd,  
 Sin auld lang syne.

And here's a hand, my trusty frier,  
 And gie's a hand o' thine;  
 And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,  
 For auld lang syne.

9.—The Star-Spangled Banner.

Oh say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave  
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

10.—The Battle Hymn of the Republic.

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord.

11.— Praise ye the Lord! His bounteous hand  
 Prepared of old this glorious land,  
 And sent his children here to be  
 A people prosperous, bold and free.

Praise ye the Lord! through all our past  
 His mighty arm hath held us fast;  
 'Till faith and hope and toils and tears  
 Have brought the rich and peaceful years.

O Lord of hosts, our heavenly King,  
 Accept the grateful praise we bring;  
 And evermore from age to age  
 Guard and defend our heritage.

*Tune, Hebron.*

Be Thou, O God, exalted high,  
 And as Thy glory fills the sky,  
 So let it be on earth displayed,  
 Till Thou art here as there obeyed.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow,  
 Praise Him, all creatures here below,  
 Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,  
 Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

*Tune, Old Hundred*

12.—Benediction by Dr. Wm. Ross.

Wild as the fruits he scorned to till,  
 These vales the idle Indian trod;  
 Nor knew the glad, creative skill,—  
 The joy of him who toils with God.

Thanks, Lord, that from our daily need  
 The joy of simple faith is born;  
 That he who smites the summer weed  
 May trust Thee for the autumn corn.

Give fools their gold, and knaves their power;  
 Let fortune's bubbles rise and fall;  
 Who sows a field, or trains a flower,  
 Or plants a tree, is more than all.

For he who blesses most is blest;  
 And God and man shall own his worth  
 Who toils to leave as his bequest  
 And added beauty to the earth.

WHITTIER.

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## CORRESPONDENCE.

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### HON. GEORGE G. WRIGHT, OF DES MOINES.

I hope you will appreciate my reasons for declining to speak. I hope, however, to be with you and see many old and familiar faces. I can shake hands and feel good, if I cannot talk. I am sure you will have a joyous reunion.

### HON. EDWARD JOHNSTONE, OF KEOKUK.

I have not words with which to convey my thanks for the honor and preference thus expressed, but I am greatly grieved in being compelled to say in reply, that I have neither the time nor the ability to prepare a paper fit and adequate to be presented at your contemplated meeting:

"Gone are the plumes and pinions gay  
 Of young romance;  
 And linger but her ruins gray,  
 And broken lance."

I hope to be present at your great gathering, and if so will cordially assist in that behalf in any prosaic manner, but you must not ask me to drop into poetry. I feel assured, and it is my heartiest desire, that the assemblage on the 1st of June, in your prosperous and hospitable city, where I first set foot forty-six years ago, will be all that the most ardent projectors and friends of the Semi-Centennial could wish.

### HON. SAMUEL J. KIRKWOOD, OF IOWA City.

I am still suffering from the effects of the accident I met with some weeks ago, and do not feel in a condition to deliver an address. I would like very much to do it, but do not feel that I could do justice to the occasion in my present condition.

### HON. C. C. NOURSE, OF DES MOINES.

"I am in full sympathy with the measure and hope to be able to attend, but on account of urgent professional engagements cannot promise an address."

HON. W. H. LEAS.

Lawyer, Mayor, etc. of that City.

DES MOINES, IOWA, MAY 15, 1883.

*My Dear Friend:*—Your very kind invitation to Mrs. Leas and myself, to attend the anniversary of the First Settlement of Iowa, has been received. Whilst we are obliged to decline, we nevertheless thank you. I have just returned from Florida, and may be induced to return before the first of June, to finish my selections of government land in that state; Mrs. Leas will be absent also. With the highest considerations of esteem, I remain as ever,

Your Attached Friend,

W. H. LEAS.

A. H. BOX.

Postmaster of Floris, Davis county.

There is a great deal of talk in this neighborhood respecting the semi-centennial celebration to be held at Burlington the 1st of June. Please give me an outline of the exercises to be observed on that day. John Box, my father, settled at Fort Madison early in 1833, made his claim in April of that year and soon thereafter moved his family across the river. He was a member of the 1st Legislative Assembly of Wisconsin and Iowa Territories, and attended its sessions at Belmont and Burlington.

HON. ERSKINE M. PHELPS.

President of the Iroquois club, Chicago, Ill.

CHICAGO, MAY 16, 1883.

MR. A. G. ADAMS, Burlington, Iowa—

*Dear Sir:*—I am just in receipt of your kind invitation to attend the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of Iowa. Nothing would afford me greater pleasure than to be there at that time, but I fear a previous engagement will prevent. I have the honor to be, very truly,

ERSKINE M. PHELPS.

HON. WM. F. VILAS.

MADISON, WIS., MAY 19, 1883.

*My Dear Sir:*—Pray accept my hearty thanks for your kind remembrance by an invitation to the semi-centennial of Iowa, and for the honor of your compliments therewith. I wish I might attend for the gratification of paying my respects to the most venerable of Iowa's Pioneer's, and witnessing the interesting ceremonies over which he will honorably preside. But my engagements will prevent, and I can only express my regrets, and my hope that the day will prove as successful in the happy performance of the prescribed exercises as were

the undertakings of the heroes of early days, who brought the banner of civilization to the State, never to be stayed; as successful as the merits of the Pioneers' deserve it should be for their worthy commemoration.

With sincere wishes for your long preservation to your friends and state, I am,

Very truly yours,  
W. F. VILAS.

HON. A. C. DODGE,  
Burlington, Iowa.

### GEORGE WASHINGTON JONES, OF DES MOINES.

GENERAL A. C. DODGE—*My Esteemed Friend*:—Allow me to thank you for the kind invitation to the semi-centennial celebration of the old settlers at Burlington, and the very kind expressions accompanying it. It revives many recollections of the past, among the dearest and most cherished of my life. My father with his family, constituting eleven persons (only three of whom are now living), crossed the Mississippi at Smith's Ferry, three miles below Burlington, October 23, 1834. A day or two after that I was at the first election held at Burlington, and think the first ever held in what is now Iowa. A judge (Wm. Morgan), a justice of the peace and a constable were elected. I attended the first school I have any knowledge of ever being taught in the territory, in a log cabin built up the hollow, where Mr. Rand's lumber yard was located for many years. I was frequently at the sessions of the territorial legislature of Wisconsin, that convened at Burlington. Your distinguished father, Henry Dodge, then the governor, being present, whose acquaintance I made, although I was a mere boy. Could the imagination picture the grand progress of this great State since that date? It will not do to enlarge. The theme is too fruitful. Allow me to express my most sincere regrets at my inability to be present on this interesting occasion, and to indulge the hope that it will be a most happy event for my many old settler friends.

With great respect, I am most truly your friend,

GEO. W. JONES.

### HON. JAMES GRANT, OF DAVENPORT.

DAVENPORT, IA. MAY 19, 1883.

*Hon. A. C. Dodge, Chairman:*

DEAR SIR: Your kind invitation to the "Semi-Centennial of Iowa" is received. Nothing could give me greater pleasure than to accept it, with Mrs. Grant, if she were in Iowa. She is, however, in California, once the "Land of Gold" and now the land of the orange, the olive and the vine. I have always been and now am a pioneer. I have traveled, more or less, in all the states of the union, but when I reflect and discuss the merits of them all, my judgment and affec-



tion cling to Iowa as the best of them all. There is "None such. This is the place?"

Fifty years ago Iowa was a wilderness of prairie, now she is the home of two millions of people; and its products and the industry of its people have done more to make Chicago, (my former home,) one of the largest cities in the world, than even the State of Illinois. I congratulate Burlington. I congratulate you, our second Territorial representative and our first Senator, upon the part you have played in the grand drama of making one of the most prosperous states in the world.

Your old and long-life friend,

JAS. GRANT.

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WM. H. FLEMING.

Long the able Private Secretary of many Governors of Iowa.

DES MOINES, MAY 19, 1883.

HON. A. C. DODGE, Ch'n.—*Dear General*:—Many thanks for your kind invitation. I wish very much I could be with you at the Semi-Centennial, but circumstances will deny me that pleasure; I doubt not it will be worthy of the momentous event it commemorates. I imagine that you will enjoy a felicity akin to that which Henry Clay told Lafayette, in 1825, he might enjoy comparing the new world he had helped to create politically at periods, fifty years apart. Thanking you again for your courtesies,

I am, very truly yours,

WM. H. FLEMING.

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A. W. HARLAN, ESQ.

One of the earliest settlers of Lee county.

CROFTON, LEE COUNTY, IOWA, MAY 20, 1883.

MR. A. C. DODGE—*My Friend of auld lang syne*:—I acknowledge the receipt of a formal invitation to participate in the celebration of the first settlement of Iowa. I regret that I cannot attend, and were I to do so, I imagine I would be a stranger in a very strange assemblage.

After traveling several months, I entered Iowa upon the evening of Sep. 16th, 1834, and was invited by Lieut. G. H. Crossman, Quarter Master U. S. A., to stop with him, and on the next day, the 17th of September, 1834, I went to work for him. The labor was performed in building Fort Des Moines, on the present site of Montrose, Lee county, Iowa; the place was then called Cantonment Des Moines.

A few days thereafter, Lieut. Crossman sent his Corporal to notify all the men engaged in the erection of the Cantonment to assemble at a certain place named by him to learn something of importance to the people who had settled there.

It was to listen to the reading by Morton M. Mc Carver of "Flint Hills", of a proclamation of the then Governor of Michigan Terri-

tory, (Stevens T. Mason). The citizens generally were on hand, in good time, including Lieut. Crossman and his clerk, Tilham, the corporal and his four men, the latter marched up in military style and took position, arms in hand.

I can not recite a sentence of the proclamation, but its object was to inform the people that the laws of the U. S. and of Michigan Territory in particular, had been extended over the "Black Hawk Purchase." At the conclusion of the reading of the proclamation, Lieut. Crossman drew his sword, and as a soldier of the Republic, in appropriate words acknowledged the supremacy of the civil law, and said that with his small force he should be found ever ready to aid the authorities in the enforcement of the civil law.

Though having to endure hardships, privations and poverty, the pioneer has many compensations and pleasures unknown to others of a less adventurous spirit. I have ridden alone during my long residence in Lee county, over the beautiful prairies clothed in spring and summer with green herbage and every variety of flowers and witnessed herds of deer, grazing with no cabin in sight. I have also stood on the banks of the Des Moines and enjoyed the sporting of golden fish in its crystal waters.

Hoping that your meeting may be in every way a success and that all may have a good time, I remain,

Truly your friend,  
A. W. HARLAN.

HON. A. J. HOLMES, OF BOONE.

BOONE, IOWA, MAY 20, 1883.—J. W. BURDETTE, ESQ.—Secretary of committee on semi-centennial anniversary of the first settlement of Iowa.

*Dear Sir:*—Your esteemed favor extending invitation to be present at the semi-centennial anniversary of Iowa, to be held at Burlington June 1st, received. I regret that a prior engagement will prevent my being present.

My best wishes go with you for the successful celebration of the anniversary which witnesses in the memory of the men now living the transformation of the savage solitude of the Indian hunter to a great State, rich in all that is best in civilization, and standing first in the constellation of the republic in education and progress.

Very respectfully yours,  
A. J. HOLMES.

MRS. DR. HAY

Daughter of ex Senator Jones.

1921 WABASH AVE., CHICAGO ILL.  
MAY 21, 1883.

HON. A. C. DODGE, PRESIDENT, etc.—*Dear General:*—Please accept the thanks of Dr. Hay and myself for your kind remembrance of

us. Professional engagements will prevent my husband from leaving the city, and I must add my own regrets that we shall not be able to join you in celebrating your Semi-Centennial.

In spirit, I will be present, recalling as I do so many pleasant reminiscences of former visits to your hospitable home and city. What a troop of recollections crowd upon me as I write, dating back to 1861, when on the occasion of a walk to the "Cascade", dear, gallant, little Charlie showed himself a match for Sir Walter Raleigh, carrying my mantilla which the heat of the day made an incumbrance to me. Later on, during a fair for our dear departed Father Donegan's church, our loved Bishop Smyth took me with him to Burlington, where I was again your guest—and later still, I would not say—that of all—15 years ago when the "Golden Hour" entertainments were among the chief attractions of Burlington society life and Mr. Rice was your gallant knight! How pleasant the retrospect!

Affectionately Your Friend,  
MARIA J. HAY.

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HON. JOHN A. LOGAN.

United States Senator, of Illinois.

SANTA FE, N. M., MAY 22.

HON. A. G. ADAMS—*My Dear Friend*:—I am very sorry that I am so far away and have so many engagements that I can not possibly accept your very cordial invitation to be present at the semi-centennial of your attractive city. I have a very vivid recollection of a delightful visit there, and of a particularly pleasant evening at your house, and sincerely wish it were possible for me to come now, but I must forego that pleasure for the present. Be kind enough to make my compliments to your daughters. With regards I am,

Yours very truly,  
JOHN A. LOGAN.

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COL. PETER PARKINSON, JR.

One of the very earliest settlers of Wisconsin—distinguished in the Black Hawk War, and as a writer of early history.

FAYETTE, MAY 22, 1883.

*My Dear and Estimable Friend*:—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your courteous invitation to attend the celebration of the first settlement of Iowa, at Burlington on the 1st of June next, and I assure you and the other gentlemen connected with you in the celebration, that nothing of the social and festive character could afford me more pleasure than to meet *you* and the many other noble pioneer men of Iowa, upon that or any other pioneer occasion.

I regard *all* pioneers, (with a few exceptions), as noble and good men, and nothing affords me more pleasure than to meet and hear them, recount to each other the scenes and incidents connected with their

early settlement. My bosom always glows with true pioneer pride, when I reflect upon the noble character of pioneer men and women and their many generous qualities.

But circumstances render it out of my power to enjoy the pleasure of being with you upon the occasion. Our state pioneer association meets on the 6th of June, our county old settlers meeting, on the 12th, and our Pecatonica celebration on the 16th, so you see I have no time to spare from home.

As I cannot be with you allow me to enclose a sentiment.

The noble state of Iowa, whose present prosperity and greatness in the scale of states, is mainly attributable to the wisdom, energy, and prudence of her noble pioneers and first settlers. May her glory and her felicity increase with each revolving year until the last trumpet shall sound the catastrophe of nature, and time shall emerge into the ocean of eternity.

PETER PARKINSON JR.

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### GEORGE VIELE LAUMAN.

DAVENPORT, IA., MAY 22, 1883.

GEN. A. C. DODGE:—*Dear General*:—The mail of this morning brought me a very complimentary remembrance, in your invitation to "Iowa's Semi-Centennial." Receive my thanks for the same. It will give me pleasure to greet you on that occasion, being in Burlington, the guest of my uncle, as I fondly expect to be.

Sincerely Yours,

GEORGE VIELE LAUMAN.

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### THOMAS MCKEE.

GALESBURG, ILL. MAY 23, 1883.

HON. A. C. DODGE,—*Dear Sir*:—I have just received your compliment by way of an invitation to be present at the Semi-Centennial Anniversary of the first settlement of Iowa. I suppose I would be termed one of the "first settlers of Iowa". I went into Casey Prairie, north of Flint River, on the first day of May, 1835, and made the farm that was afterwards called the Woods farm, and left there in the fall of 1836, and I will be with you on the first day of June next.

Yours with much respect,

THOMAS MCKEE.

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### HON. THOMAS A. HENDRICKS, OF INDIANA.

INDIANAPOLIS, MAY 23, 1883.

HON. A. C. DODGE—*Dear Sir*:—I have received the invitation from yourself as president, and Mr. Burdette as secretary, to attend "the celebration in commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of Iowa," on the first day of next month. The occasion

will be most interesting, and I regret that I can not be present. I observed your note upon the envelope, of personal regard and good wishes. Be assured I appreciate that also.

Your invitation has revived in my memory the fact that my father attended the first sale of public lands in Iowa. It was at Burlington the sales took place. He made a purchase of some land, but we never left our home in Indiana to occupy it. That was nearly fifty years ago. The settlements rapidly followed the land sales, and were encouraged and promoted by the act of congress of 1841, declaring and establishing more fully and liberally the rights of pre emptors.

On next Friday at Burlington, where the lands were first sold, then a village but now a city, the people of Iowa propose to commemorate the achievements of industry, enterprise and intelligence, during the first half century of their history. Fifty years is a long period in the lifetime of an individual, but in the history of a people it is only a morning hour. Iowa has much to commemorate. Her progress and development have been marvelous. No other state or nation at the close of its first half century can boast a more rapid or more excellent development: Her population is now a million and nearly three-quarters. In it every civilized country is represented, and all persons over ten years of age can read, save only 2.4 per cent, which I believe is a lower per cent than in any other State or Territory. Twelve thousand eight hundred free schools attest the devotion of the people to the cause of education, and their support of the press appears in five hundred and sixty-nine newspapers and other periodicals. Six thousand seven hundred and twenty manufacturing establishments give employment to four thousand employes, using a capital of thirty-one million dollars, paying wages annually nine million six hundred and forty-two thousand dollars, consuming forty-six million dollars of materials, and producing annually seventy million dollars of manufacturing values. The field, orchard and garden products of 1880, as stated by Mr. Shaffer, aggregated the enormous value \$127,257,500; and the domestic animals on hand in January, 1880, were estimated at the agricultural department of the United States, as exceeding in value one hundred million dollars. It is an interesting fact, which I recently saw stated, that every one of the ninety-nine counties of the State is passed over, or entered by railroads; but the great system of railroads now covering the State may hardly be included among the results of Iowa enterprise; for the reason that the State and her people were largely aided in their construction by the enormous land grants by the United States. Hospitals for the insane have been completed and universities and high schools in aid of the cause of education are maintained, and yet the debt of the State is so small that it may be said of her as it is said of Indiana, she owes no debt.

I have been told that a rigid economy has characterized the administration of state affairs in Iowa; and I have been told that in a large degree it has been attributable to the high example set by one whose memory I delight to honor, Governor Grimes. He was a man of absolute integrity. As a representative and servant of the people

no persuasion could seduce him, nor influence swerve him from the line of conduct which his judgment approved. The influence of his administration is still felt in the affairs of his State.

At the celebration on Friday the inquiry will be, what were the causes that lay at the foundation of such great prosperity, and of development so rapid and substantial. Industry and enterprise, a soil of great fertility, with less than one per cent of unavailable land, the settler's right of pre-emption, and the system of public surveys that so marked and defined each man's land as to cut off controversy in respect to titles, and the great facilities for transportation by rail and water, are prominent among the causes that have made Iowa what it now appears.

Hoping that nothing shall occur to mar the interest of the occasion, and thanking yourself and the committee for the honor of the invitation,

I am very respectfully yours,

T. A. HENDRICKS.

W. B. GREEN, ESQ. OF GALENA, ILL.

GALENA, ILL., MAY 23, 1883.

*A. C. Dodge, President:*—Your kind invitation to me to attend the semi-centennial anniversary of the first settlement of Iowa is received; circumstances will prevent me from availing myself of that pleasure.

The first time I set foot in what is now the state of Iowa, was in the summer of 1832, during the Black Hawk War. The Indians had murdered two men and taken their horses where they were cultivating corn on the Menominee, and a portion of the cavalry company to which I belonged was sent after them. We traced them to what was then known as Jordon's Ferry (now East Dubuque). A canoe and handsaw had been left in the house, there being but two of them, the canoe was too heavy for them to transport to the river, so they sawed it into in the middle and crossed the river no doubt swimming the horses. Lieutenant Kirkpatrick and myself crossed the river in the other half of the canoe by packing clay in the end, and found where the Indians and horses had landed, but we followed them no farther. We found nothing where the beautiful city of Dubuque now is but some wigwam poles; the Indians having deserted the place some time previous. I remained a short time at a branch of Little Maquoketa in the summer of 1833. We were ordered off by the military however, the Indian title not having been extinguished.

Great changes has taken place in the north-west in the last fifty years. We can not much blame the Indians for wishing to retain so fine a country; yet it is right that they should give it up to a people who are making a better use of it than they were.

Respectfully yours,

W. B. GREEN.

## GENERAL JAMES A. WILLIAMSON.

Col. of the 4th Iowa Infantry.

BOSTON, MASS., MAY 24, 1883.

HON. A. G. ADAMS:

*My Dear Friend:*—I have to thank you for your verbal and written invitations to be present at the "semi-centennial anniversary of the first settlement of Iowa," but more particularly for your most kind invitation to be your guest on that occasion. I am very grateful to you for your kindness, and deeply regret my inability to avail myself of it. May the occasion be a joyous and happy one, worthy of the event it commemorates, the laying the foundation of a great and free state.

Your friend,

J. A. WILLIAMSON.

## MRS. AVIS PRENTICE STANLEY, OF AXTELL, KANSAS.

AXTELL, MAY 24, 1883.

My father, Milo H. Prentice, was born in Connecticut, August, 1800, and when four years of age came with his parents to Augusta, N. Y. He entered Hamilton College, but did not graduate, and in the fall of 1831, came to Galena, Ill., and remained there until the close of the Black Hawk War. Fifty years ago my father, mother, one sister and myself came to Dubuque. He was the first postmaster there, and the first judge of Dubuque county, receiving his commission from Governor S. T. Mason, of Michigan Territory, in 1834. The post office consisted of a small desk at one end of the counter from which he sold promiscuous merchandise. My mother was one of the first to organize the first church in Dubuque, (Presbyterian, I think). I well remember the hardships and privations of our pioneer life, also, the fear and dread of my sister and myself, of the Indians, who would come to the village five hundred strong, decked with paint and feathers. Their horrid whoop rings in my ears yet. My father with others founded the town of Sinapee, in Grant county, Wisconsin. The place proved exceedingly unhealthy, most of the founders dying in less than a year, my father among them. He died at Sinapee in August, 1839, and was buried in Dubuque.

A. P. STANLEY.

## HON. J. K. GRAVES, OF DUBUQUE.

DUBUQUE, MAY 24, 1883.

*Gentlemen:*—I thank you for your cordial invitation to attend your "semi-centennial celebration of the first settlement of Iowa," and I would that I could be with you June 1st, to share in the pleasures of the occasion, but this now seems impossible.

It is fitting that this epoch in the history of Iowa be marked by this vast concourse of people, now that this half a century has passed away since the "Scott Treaty," known as the "Black Hawk Pur-

chase," went into effect. What was then practically a wild wilderness, stretching along the Mississippi river for a breadth of fifty miles from what is now the Missouri line, has gradually grown and expanded in area, wealth, population and intelligence, until the geographical borders embrace what the world has been pleased to call the "model state of the republic," with a present population of nearly a million and three-quarters of souls.

With her generous people, her matchless soil, genial climate and unexcelled system of public schools, who can predict her future? Who measure her undeveloped possibilities? Iowa now annually expends for her schools vastly more than the entire original value of the millions of acres embraced in the Black Hawk Purchase.

Nowhere else within the boundaries which the Black Hawk Purchase embraced could such celebration be more appropriately made than at Burlington, the original seat of government and the home of a man who did more to shape and direct the destinies of our growing Iowa in her infancy than all else combined—the honorable James W. Grimes.

Later on and in our day when Fort Sumpter fell we had a "War Governor," whose every act stamped him as the co-equal of our beloved Grimes, and though eulogy of the dead may be more fitting than praise of the living, impartial history attests that Grimes and Kirkwood constituted in an eminent degree the archimedian fulcrum which lifted Iowa to the proud position she enjoys in the national galaxy of States, and the living and the dead, are entitled to the grateful homage of the people of the State.

But for the dauntless energy and resolution of Governor Grimes during the Kansas troubles, our own State would have been the serious battle field of many a conflict, while bugle notes in favor of "Freedom to the Slave," seem now to have been the voice of inspiration which moulded subsequent events. No wonder that this Black Hawk Purchase should become the garden spot under the fostering care and guidance of such a far seeing statesman, whose sterling character and firmness is typified in the "Flint Hills" of the Orchard City.

Duty and conviction were the guiding stars of his daily life, and led him, on a memorable occasion, to cast his vote in the United States Senate, under the dictates of conscience and against party clamor, but the sublime act elevated Senator Grimes in the eyes of the civilized world.

Let the free men of Iowa ever applaud and uphold the bravery and integrity of any man who dares to do right and follows the dictates of conscience, regardless of any party clamor or personal interest in the discharge of public duty, and it matters not whether such true manhood be found in the pulpit, at the bar, upon the bench, or in private walks of life. The name of James W. Grimes is inseparably linked with the early history of this land, and we should ever cherish his memory and keep it as green and bright as the lands of the Black Hawk Purchase.



The pioneers of those early days have nearly all been gathered to their eternal sleep. A few yet remain, and one is the honored president of the day, whose long and eventful life is the epitome of bravery, honesty and industry.

Let us of a later generation say to these surviving pioneers, that it shall be our aim in life never to forget the privations they endured in giving us a home, and let us renew our assurance to the world that Iowa, "The beautiful land," will sacredly guard the memories, not only of those pioneers who blazed the pathway, but also of those brave men who in the later times inspired by patriotism, went forth to battle in defense of that land, under that dear old flag, which though deeply imperilled, now floats triumphantly over our whole country, represents every State, and is respected everywhere.

Your Obedient Svt.,

J. K. GRAVES.

HON. A. C. DODGE, Pres't.

J. W. BURDETTE, Sec'y.

HON. MORGAN LEWIS MARTIN.

A distinguished lawyer,—was our sole representative in the Michigan Legislature, when Des Moines and Dubuque were first organized. He was afterwards Delegate to Congress from Wis. He writes thus:

GREEN BAY, WIS., MAY 25, 1883.

*My Dear General:*—Your very welcome letter, as also the very cordial invitation to attend the Semi-Centennial anniversary of the settlement of your state, were duly received. They carry me back in imagination, to a period fifty-five years ago, when I first set eyes on the beautiful country now embraced in the populous and peerless State of Iowa, and to the rude log cabin in Dodgeville, where Hon. Lucius Lyon and myself were hospitably entertained by your excellent parents. It seems like a dream. I recognize the portly Roman, the saintly wife, the stalwart lads and modest daughters comprising the household, protected in their well armed fortress (block house) from the dangers incident to frontier life; and from that early period note that wonderful metamorphosis which time has wrought in the entire West. It is much to be regretted that we had no historian to make daily record of the incidents of those early days when your honored father with others, who might be mentioned, were laying the foundations of the present flourishing empire of the Upper Mississippi, but, unfortunately, "those who make history seldom write it", and the daily occurrences of that early period, important only as shaping the future of the State, are lost in oblivion or known only to us who are still numbered with the living.

In that dead past we had our elections as now, for representatives in the Michigan Legislature, a body holding in hand the destinies of the vast region extending from Lake Erie to the Rocky Mountains. We organized municipal government, and in 1834 created the coun-

ties of Dubuque and Des Moines, then comprising all of what is now Iowa.

In 1831 your father and myself were selected to represent the whole district west of Lake Michigan, but the stirring events of the Black Hawk War in 1832, requiring his services in defending the Western settlements from Indian warfare, which threatened their entire depopulation, prevented his attendance on the sessions at Detroit. I was left the only representative, and as such I labored hard to secure the passage of the act. "To lay off and organize counties west of the Mississippi River, approved the 6th day of September 1834." It was the law that created the original counties of Des Moines and Dubuque. My services continued from 31 to 35, terminating on the admission of Michigan, and I may therefore well claim participation in your Semi-Centennial which I much regret to be unable to do in person. In the panorama of the past, so vividly presented by your letter, I see the gallant form of our friend Jefferson Davis, then a mere graduate of West Point, and on a visit to his fellow officers here at Fort Howard. He was then (1829) stationed at Fort Winnebago and floated off soon after with the 1st Dragoons to re-appear years afterwards in the House of Representatives of the U. S. at Washington City, where you and I as brother delegates to Congress met him in 1845. I recall also the erect figure and proud bearing of your father when in 1828 he volunteered to guide Mr. Lyon and myself, on horse back to the recent discoveries of copper ore, at Mineral Point, and to the many pits and shafts in the vicinity of Dodgeville, Wis., from which his supply of lead ore was hauled to his furnaces, the athletic figures of your brother and yourself, youths of some fifteen or eighteen, laboring about the smelting works with others engaged around the premises. Nor can I forget the appearance of the negro slaves, who clung to your father's family even after they were given freedom as dutiful children dependent for protection and daily wants upon a parent.

I fear that I am becoming garrulous, as is the habit of old men, and I will add my kindest regards to all your family, and trust you may muster up courage to visit a place you have never yet seen, Green Bay, and make yourself and lady the welcome guests of

Your Friend,  
M. L. MARTIN.

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HON. GEO. D. RAND, MAYOR OF KEOKUK.

KEOKUK, MAY, 25, 1883.

*Dear General:*--The invitation to the Sem-Centennial Celebration to be held at Burlington, with your endorsement upon the envelope, came a few days since, and press of business has occasioned my delay in acknowledging. Accept my sincere thanks for your thoughtfulness in sending me the same. It is a gratification to be remembered by those persons, whom as boys, we have been taught to honor and respect, and maturer years have only confirmed those teachings.

To be acknowledged and recognized as a friend by one who has served his country in so many distinguished positions with so much credit and honor, and whose purity of character, both in private and public life, is so marked as to win the approval of all parties, is sufficient honor for a Burlington boy to sign.

Your friend,  
GEO. D. RAND.

HON. JAMES F. WILSON, OF FAIRFIELD.

FAIRFIELD, IOWA, MAY 25th, 1883.

*Hon. A. C. Dodge, President, etc., Burlington, Iowa: Dear*

*Sir:*—Your invitation to me to attend the Semi-Centennial celebration of the first settlement of Iowa, to be held on the 1st proximo, at Burlington, was received several days ago. I have postponed my answer thereto, hoping to be able to say definitely that I will be present. Owing to other matters not yet fully determined, I cannot now give the definite answer; but as the date for the celebration is so near at hand, I can no longer delay the acknowledgement of your invitation given above.

Mighty results have been crowded into the half century that will close on the first proximo. Three-fifths of the time thus measured I have spent in Iowa. When the events of the thirty years of my residence in Iowa marshal themselves before my mind, they seem like the elements and movements of a wondrous dream. And when I add to this period of my personal experience, the twenty preceding years, which reach back to the date when the presence of the white settler in Iowa was first made lawful, and compare the then insignificance with the stupendous present, I can not wonder that our people desire to come together and make common acclaims over the bewildering achievements which have been added to Iowa, to the world's general progress in that short space of two score and ten years.

I will be present in person if I can; but if this may not be, then will my liveliest sympathies be with you and with all the good people of our beloved state, who may congregate at Burlington on the coming 1st of June.

Yours truly,  
JAMES F. WILSON.

JAMES PUTMAN, ESQ.

An early and well known citizen of Burlington.

NASHVILLE, TENN., May 26, 1883.

*General:*—I have the honor to acknowledge receipt of your invitation to be present at our Semi-Centennial celebration. I had hoped, until within a few days, to be at home on that day, but find my engagements here will deprive me of that pleasure, and can only re-

turn my sincere thanks to the committee for so kindly remembering me.

During a recent visit at the "Hermitage" I secured a "stick" of genuine Jackson timber\*, that I to-day forward with a simple inscription, which I hope you will accept, not merely as a reminder of the important event to which it makes reference, but as a slight recognition of a third century of unmarred friendship and manifestations of your good will as well, and trust that now in the afternoon of an honorable and useful life, you may find it indeed a "stay and staff." I remain with due consideration,

Your obliged neighbor and friend,

JAMES PUTMAN.

Hon. A. C. Dodge, Burlington, Iowa.

The Nashville *Banner* of May 26, contains the following notice published upon the day the cane was forwarded to Burlington.

TENNESSEE TO IOWA.

Mr. James Putman, of this city, received a few days ago, an invitation to attend a celebration at Burlington, Iowa, commemorative of the fiftieth anniversary of the treaty with the Indians, which conveyed to the early settlers the Territory now known as the present State of Iowa. Mr. Putman found it impossible to leave his business in this city, but obtained from the Hermitage a hickory cane, which he had elegantly mounted and sent off by express to-day. The inscription on the head of the cane contains the following:

1833, Iowa, 1883.

June 1,

To Hon. A. C. Dodge  
from  
James Putman.

JOHN R. REDING.

PORTSMOUTH, NEW HAMPSHIRE, MAY 26, 1883.

GEN. A. C. DODGE,—*My Dear Sir*:—I thank you for the kind remembrance of me by sending an invitation to be present at the Semi-Centennial celebration of the settlement of your flourishing state. How true in our own experience is the fact that the star of empire westward goes, since our acquaintance first commenced in 1842, what a mighty change has taken place in our country. Then you represented a youthful Territory as a *delegate*, myself a full fledged *representative* from N. H., with four others; now we are reduced to two members, and your state increased to eleven full fledged members.

Well I don't care how powerful the West becomes, if its power is rightly exercised for the benefit of the whole people and not for wealth and grasping monopolies.

\*Presented by Hon. B. J. Hall to Gen. Dodge at commencement of his address of welcome.

It would be gratifying to me to be with you on the first of June, but the length of the journey, and my aversion to leaving home at my time of life—and you know that in point of age, I am no chicken—will prevent. It will be a proud day for you doubtless, to reflect upon the anxiety you have had in nursing a feeble and infant Territory into a great and powerful State—destined in your time to become much more populous and mighty than at present. May all things go off to your entire satisfaction, is the sincere wish of

Yours most respectfully, JOHN R. REDING.

HON. ALVIN SAUNDERS, OF OMAHA, NEB.

Member of the 2nd Constitutional Convention of Iowa, 1846.

OMAHA, NEB., MAY 26, 1883.

HON. A. C. DODGE—*My Dear Sir*:—I returned last night from a long trip up the Niobrara river and found here your kind invitation to me to attend the semi-centennial to be held on June 1st. I assure you, my dear general, that it would give me great pleasure to be able to respond affirmatively to the request, but prior engagements for that date will prevent me from doing so.

My entrance to what is now the great state of Iowa, but then a part of Michigan territory, was not early enough to make me one of the original semi-centennials, but I would not fall much short of it. I crossed the Mississippi river at or near Burlington in the latter part of 1836. I don't know whether the river at that point has grown any since, but it was then about four miles wide. There was no ferry at the town proper, but we crossed at what was called "Smith's Ferry," which was about two miles below Burlington. We stayed that night at Burlington and learned that they then claimed a population of about one hundred and fifty people. I was then making my way to join my brother, Presley Saunders, who, as I now remember made his first visit to that part of the country in 1834. He settled at what was then called "English Point," but at which he afterwards laid out the town of Mt. Pleasant, and where he has made his home ever since. There were but two houses then between Burlington and Mt. Pleasant; so you see it was what might be very appropriately called a "new country." But I need not dwell long on these things to you, for you were not much behind me in locating on that side of the Mississippi. How glad I would be to be present at your meeting and hear what some of the "old settlers" will have to say to the present inhabitants, but I can't. Hoping the meeting may be a pleasant one; and with my best wishes for you personally,

I am with great respect, your friend,

ALVIN SAUNDERS.

HON. FIRMIN A. ROZIER, OF St. GENEVIEVE, MO.

St. GENEVIEVE, Mo., MAY 26, 1883.

*Gentlemen*:—Your kind invitation to attend the celebration of

the anniversary of Iowa was received; nothing would give me greater pleasure than to participate in the same, but my health and business prevents me that pleasure.

My recollection of the early settlement of Iowa, is replete with interest, and what is gratifying to us here at St. Genevieve is that some of our native and earliest citizens, became the pioneers of your great State, and distinguished themselves in the service of their country, embracing the Dodges (father and son), Jones', Davis' and others. Many thanks for your kindness, and wishing your State great prosperity.

I am, yours truly,

FIRMIN A. ROZIER.

D. SHEWARD.

Long a resident of Iowa, and formerly editor for many years of the *Gazette* of this city.

SANTA ROSA, CAL. MAY 26, 1883.

HON. A. C. DODGE—*Dear Sir, and Kind Friend:*—An invitation to attend the celebration of the "Semi-Centennial Anniversary of the first settlement of Iowa" with your compliments has just reached me. You will please accept my thanks and my warmest feelings of gratitude for your kindly remembrance. I only regret my inability to be present on the occasion, and clasp by the hand once more the honorable gentleman who has done so much, during the years that have past, for the promotion of the interests and growth of the State he so honorably represented for years in the Senate of the United States. Believe me my friend, that, though we have not met for years, and thousands of miles separate us, I have not forgotten your many kindnesses, nor the occasion when you clasped my hand on the Eastern shore of the "Father of Waters" and bade me welcome back to Iowa after my weary months of imprisonment in the "Old Capitol" at Washington, nor shall the kindly words and wishes, and generous acts of your noble wife, ever be eradicated from the minds of Mrs. Sheward and myself, whilst reason remains and time lasts. May God's blessing ever rest upon you and your good wife—*par excellent* among all her sex.

May I ask you to kindly remember me to all who knew me in the days that are past, and say to them that I shall join with them in spirit on the first of June, in commemoration of the birth of one of the most prosperous states and brightest stars in the galaxy—brought into existence and fostered in infancy by yourself and other true hearts. Iowa has grown and prospered in the fifty years of her existence beyond comparison. May her growth and prosperity continue until she knows no rival.

My wife desires to be remembered to you and Mrs. Dodge in the most earnest and loving words—hoping that you are both blessed with health and prosperity and that your lives may be preserved for many years yet to come, and wishing that we may yet clasp you by the hand 'neath the sunny skies and amid the beautiful flowers of the

delightful valley of Santa Rosa. And in all this, our boy, now grown to manhood, joins with us. Though in his infancy when last we met and clasped hands at Council Bluffs, your names are nevertheless familiar to his ears.

With kindest regards to yourself, wife and family, believe me kind sir, as ever,

Your friend,  
D. SHEWARD.

JOHN W. HANEY.

PITTSBURG, May 26, 1883.

HON. A. C. DODGE,

*President, Semi-Centennial, Anniversary of the First Settlement of Iowa:—Dear Sir:—*Your cordial invitation to attend the Fiftieth Anniversary of the settlement of Iowa, has been received, and I beg to say that it would afford me great pleasure to be with you, but my business engagements prevent.

I have a very warm regard for Iowa. It is now about thirty years since my first visit; I left this city in December, 1852, for Iowa City, then the Capital of the State; arriving there I took the stage to Fort Des Moines, which was located between Coon River and Des Moines. The latter was at that time a very small place. I lodged there in a large barn-like house, which stood facing towards where the Capitol building now stands. Finding the Land Office closed—the purpose of my visit being the purchase of land—I started with a Mr. Hubert of New York, to Panora, the county seat of Guthrie county. We were treated very kindly by the settlers among whom were Messrs. Squires and Copeland and their families. We also were entertained by Mr. Slack, an old trapper and hunter. He lived in a cave, was very eccentric, but kind hearted; he would have us share his bed and board, but one night was enough for us. We were also very kindly entertained by Squire Niles. We located our lands and purchased timber and returned to Richard Squires, where we had our first exposure to a Western snow, hail and rain “North-Wester”. While there, we tried hunting, but our limited experience did not meet with much success; we returned to Des Moines after nineteen days absence, had our lands entered, and I came back to the smoky city—after three years sojourn here, I returned to the West, arriving in June. The country looked beautiful, and I found that many changes and improvements had been made during my short absence; houses built and prairie plowed.

I then commenced to build a house myself. It was not so gorgeous a one as those now being put up. It was a plain one and half a story 16x28, built with black walnut planks. I also had ten acres broken by oxen. Our nearest post office then was 32 miles. We established a volunteer corps of four to make weekly visits to N—; the volunteers were Mr. Floyd, Mr. Parrell, Mr. T. T. Morris, (afterwards Judge of the county, now a resident of Des Moines), and myself. I remember well the first Sabbath school started in Carroll county, the

school papers were sent for to Pittsburgh, and it was my lot to go for them to the post office,—all were very anxious for my return and success. The opening day of the Sabbath school was a glorious and joyous one in Carroll county, the settlers came there with their families, some on horse-back, and others with ox teams. I again left for Pittsburgh in December 1865, to remain here finally. It took me about one week to bid good-bye to all my friends, they living some ten or fifteen miles apart; the last stop was at Mr. Gilley's, and while there we discovered a large drove of elk about two miles off. Five of us started on the hunt. We got nine of the drove, they weighed about two hundred pounds each, and we felt proud of our success. Mr. Gilley, his brother and Conrad Geiselhart were among the party. One other reminiscence and I will finish. I attended the first sale of town lots in Carrollton. At that time Mitchel was Judge of the County, and McCudy Clerk of Courts. The Court room was then the wood pile, and the nearest jail Des Moines. Bad mens' doings were then punished by home made law administered with a club, which they did not soon forget.

The principal settlers at that time were Messrs. Robt. Morris, T. Morris, Loomis, Copeland, Floyd, Slack, Gilley, W. Gilley, Slacke Davis, Ferguson, McClelland, Blizzard, Niles, Geiselhart, Zellers, R. Squires, Robt. Haney, Cadman Malloy, Ponell, all of whom lived about Carrollton. Again regretting my inability to be present at the Semi-Centennial Anniversary, I hope you and my numerous other friends of your city, will have a grand time, and that it will be an occasion long to be remembered by all with pleasing recollections.

I remain yours fraternally,

JOHN W. HANEY.

#### GEO. L. DAVENPORT.

Indian agent—United States Indian Service,—Sac and Fox Agency.

TAMA COUNTY, IOWA, MAY 27, 1883.

HON. A. C. DODGE—*Dear Sir*:—Your letter, dated 24th inst., received, inviting a delegation of twenty or thirty Fox Indians and their agent to attend the celebration on the 1st prox.

I have the honor to inform you that I read your letter of invitation to the chiefs, and head men of Musquagees, and they have accepted your invitation, and twenty of the principal men of the tribe will come, accompanied by their agent. Our nearest place of embarkation is Tama City.

Thanking you for so kindly remembering us in this your semi-centennial anniversary of the first settlement of Iowa, I am

Very respectfully,

GEO. L. DAVENPORT,  
U. S. Indian Agent.

TAMA COUNTY, IOWA, June 20, 1883.

HON. A. C. DODGE, Burlington, Iowa.

*My Dear Sir*:—Your very kind letter has been received, with



reference to our non-attendance at the Semi-Centennial anniversary of the settlement of Iowa, held in your city. I would explain, that after accepting your invitation to attend, I received your letter of the 30th ultimo, advising me that your committee had made arrangements with the B. C. R. & N. railway company for our transportation (free of cost) to Burlington and return. I immediately called on the agent of the C. & N. W., at Tama City, to see what arrangements could be made to take us to Cedar Rapids, but owing to the time being short, it was found impossible to communicate with the officers of the road in Chicago; and as the Indians had no means to pay their fare, we were obliged to give up going. We again thank you for your kind invitation, and regret exceedingly our inability to attend. Our Indians expected to have the pleasure of meeting many of the old pioneers who first settled in Iowa, and who were always such good friends to them, and through whose influence a law was passed, granting permission to the "Mus-qua-kees" to make their homes in the "fair State of Iowa," and on this account they will ever feel grateful to the old settlers.

Very respectfully,

GEO. L. DAVENPORT.  
U. S. Indian Agent.

#### CAPTAIN GEORGE B. COLE, POTOSI, MO.

HILL FARM, NEAR POTOSI, MO., MAY 27, 1883.

HON. A. C. DODGE—*My old Friend*:—Your invitation to attend the meeting at Burlington on the 1st of June, was received yesterday. Mrs. Cole and myself have not been well for some time; the cause, old age. It would give me pleasure if I was able to meet with you on the anniversary of the first settlement of Iowa. The Indians had possession of Iowa, and where Burlington stands was called Flint Hills. If you meet George W. Jones or Warner Lewis, present my kind regards. Mrs. Cole and myself hope we will be spared to see you and Mrs. Dodge at our house this summer. The first boat I brought out on the Upper Mississippi was the Dubuque, in 1835; Pal-mira, 1836; Des Moines, Iowa, Rapids, Uncle Toby followed. You have my best wishes for a pleasant and interesting meeting.

Truly your friend,  
GEORGE B. COLE.

#### GEN. A. G. EDWARDS, OF ST. LOUIS, MO.

ST. LOUIS, MAY 28, 1883.

HON. A. C. DODGE, CH'N.,—*Dear Sir*:—It is with sincere regret that I find myself compelled to decline the invitation to attend the celebration in commemoration of the Fiftieth Anniversary of the settlement of Iowa," with which you have been pleased to honor me.

As marking the wonderful growth of your great State, it will be an

event of much interest, and especially to me, as it seems almost as yesterday, that at the close of the Black Hawk War, I camped on the ground now occupied by one of your largest cities.

Very respectfully,  
A. G. EDWARDS.

HON. W. B. ALLISON.

United States Senator, of Dubuque.

DUBUQUE, IOWA, MAY 28, 1883.

*My Dear Sir:*—Your kind invitation to the fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of Iowa, was received a few days ago. I delayed answering some days, hoping to be able to say that I would be with you, but I find that it will be impracticable for me to attend.

It is every way fitting that such anniversary should be held, and that a recapitulation should be made of our growth during this period. It will show rapid, steady and healthful progress. What was an uninhabited region fifty years ago, now constitutes a state of nearly, if not fully, two millions of people, as energetic, intelligent and virtuous as are to be found within a like area in any part of the globe. The successive steps that have led to this marvellous growth, will be properly portrayed by those chosen to speak on the occasion. It will be an event full of interest to all the people who now dwell in the state, and at intervals will be repeated by the generations that come after us. I regret very much my inability to participate in the ceremonies and festivities of the occasion. Please accept my thanks for your invitation, and believe me with great respect.

Yours very truly,  
W. B. ALLISON.

GENERAL A. C. DODGE, Ch'n.  
Burlington, Ia.

BRO. FRANCIS DE SALES, OF NOTRE DAME, IND.

NOTRE DAME, IND., MAY 28, 1883.

HON. A. C. DODGE—*My Dear Friend:*—Your very kind invitation to attend the semi-centennial celebration of the first settlement of Iowa, to be held at Burlington, the first of June, 1883, came to hand in due time, and I must return you my most sincere and cordial thanks for your very kind remembrance of your old and trusted friend who in return invites you and Mrs. Dodge, and your sons Charles and William, to our Annual Commencement June 21st and 22nd Prox.

It would be to me personally a great pleasure to receive you here, as of old, and point out to you all of our immense improvements since your last visit.

Again permit me to thank you, and I beg to say that we are now very busy, and therefore it will be impossible for me to attend your

celebration. Kind regards to Mrs. Dodge, Charles and Willie and all old friends, I remain as ever,

Yours devotedly etc.,  
BRO. FRANCIS DESALES.

### JOHN CARROLL WALSH.

THE MOUND, HARTFORD CO., MARYLAND.  
NEW JERUSALEM MILLS, P. O., May 29, 1883.

*My Dear General and most valued Friend:*—The invitation to attend the celebration of Iowa's Semi-Centennial at "Shokokon Capiach" on June 1st, has been received, and for this mark of your kind and thoughtful remembrance I am most grateful.

To me it is a most pleasing thought, the reflection that I have the right to claim to be one of the earliest pioneers of Iowa, on her soil, by the border of the "Great River", on the spot where is now located one of her most beautiful cities, Fort Madison known to the Indians as "Potowonok", I may say I entered upon life's career. What vast changes have taken place since the 22nd of February, 1834, and none greater than is your great and prosperous state, and that she may go on and continue to grow and prosper, is my sincere and heartfelt wish.

But for the ill health of my wife, I should be most truly gratified to visit Burlington and lend my humble assistance in doing honor to the occasion, and especially as it would afford me the opportunity of meeting with those dear old friends, whose hands I would so much like to clasp. Doubtless Gen Jones will be present,—give him my heartiest love. For him my first stump speech was made from a stump in my old friend John Box's yard, and for him my first vote was cast. It was in Lee County, in October, 1835.

Believe me my dear friend to be ever

Sincerely yours,  
JOHN CARROLL WALSH.

### GEORGE BERRY.

Old settler of Lee county, and surveyor of public lands.

MT. PLEASANT, IOWA, May 28, 1883.

GEN. A. C. DODGE, and others—*Gents:*—I received your kind invitation to attend the semi-centennial anniversarsary of the first settlement of Iowa, to be held in your city on the first day of June, 1883.

The spring of 1837, found me with my wife and child in the N. E. part of Lee county, Iowa, near where we subsequently settled, and to our joy and satisfaction, we met as kind, intelligent, and enterprising a class of people, as I ever saw in any country, and what I say of the first settlers of Lee county, I say for all the first settlers of Iowa.

Excuse me Mr. President, if I should remark by your aid, let one example illustrate many, in passing from Shelby county to Fort Dodge, through a prairie wilderness, we met a party of men who had been hunting near Coon river, and made some inquiry about the route; they said we were on the direct course, but the river was up and we had no chance to cross it; but if we would go with them down the stream fifteen miles, they had a good canoe, and would help us over; we accepted their kind offer, and after we were safely over, we said, "now gentlemen what is your charge," "not any thing". Many such favors have we received from the first settlers in Lee county; we call them old settlers in Lee county, who do us honor, and we love them as men; not for names, but for actions and works.

I ask myself, are these the half civilized people which persons in older states take them to be? Generally they have more brains, and know better how to use them, than those they left behind; hearts within them in which better blood never coursed through father Adam's veins, than pulsates in theirs.

Years ago, while passing over those prairies, carpeted with green grass, bedecked with flowers of every shape and color; I never saw a sight so beautiful. Now when we pass over them, we see fine houses instead of the log cabin, and broad acres covered with grain, vegetables and fruits of all kinds.

Excuse me, Mr. President, if I shall repeat that I think that not only the first settlers, but their sons and daughters should honor and respect the name of the man, who, so ably defended their ancestors from that odious name of *squatter*, *trespasser* and usurper of the public domain, against some of the ablest men in the Congress and Senate of the United States, and showed them that those pioneers were laying a foundation for State government, after the form of the Federal government, each settler taking the Bible and constitution with him as a guide. See the State Constitution and Laws those first settlers enacted; they will compare favorably with those of any older states, see the liberal provisions for schools, see the rail roads, which the first settlers have helped to build, and are still helping. May our sons carry out the example their ancestors have left them, and make those who villified us ashamed that they said such unworthy things.

May our love for the first settlers never grow less. I regret to say, that age and infirmity will prevent me from meeting with you at the celebration.

Yours, etc.,

GEORGE BERRY.

#### DR. GIDEON S. BAILEY.

A member from Van Buren County of the 1st and 2d Conventions to form our State Government of the 1st Territorial Legislature, and U. S. Marshal for four years

VERNON, IOWA, May 29, 1883.

HON. A. C. DODGE, Burlington, Iowa.

My father, Dr. Gideon S. Bailey, wishes me to express to you his thanks for an invitation to attend Iowa's Semi-Centennial Celebra-

tion at Burlington on the 1st of June Prox., as I do for a like courtesy. It would afford him great pleasure to be present on an occasion so interesting, and to greet his old friends and early pioneers of Iowa, and above all others, yourself, but the infirmities of age which render it unpleasant for him to get away from home, and the urgency of his private affairs, make it inconvenient for him to attend.

My father's health is good for one of his age, and my own health is excellent. I am under great obligations of gratitude to you for favors already received, and my father and I assure you of our desire for the happiness and welfare of yourself and family.

Very truly your friend,

A. C. BAILEY.

### JOHN I. REDIC.

Distinguished Lawyer and Judge of Nebraska.

HON. A. C. DODGE:

*Pres. of the Semi-Centennial Anniversary etc., of Iowa, Burlington—My Dear Sir:*—I have before me your kind invitation to be present on June 1st, at the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of Iowa.

I regret exceedingly, that I will be unable to be present. Our courts are in session and will occupy my entire time.

The early history of Iowa, I know is fraught with many most interesting incidents, and I am sure that your celebration will portray and bring them out in grand style, and I can assure you that I would be delighted to be present if possible. Hoping, my dear sir, that you may have a beautiful day, and that the occasion may prove a grand success, I am with very great respect,

Your friend,

JOHN I. REDIC.

### HON. JAMES HAGERMAN, OF KEOKUK.

HON. A. C. DODGE—*My Dear General*—I am in receipt of your kind invitation to Iowa's Semi-Centennial at Burlington. I had hoped to be present, but imperative professional engagements at Kansas City will prevent.

The celebration richly merits success, and no doubt under your splendid leadership will prove the greatest pageant ever held in the state.

The time and place of these imposing ceremonies are appropriate.

Historical associations and traditional memories of the early settlers, cluster around your city and her citizens.

Fifty years ago the foundations of our noble State were being laid broad and deep.

The growth, progress and reunion of our people, evidenced by the vast population and high civilization of to-day, are living monuments to the wisdom and patriotism of the old pioneers.

In commemorating the achievements of the fathers, do not forget the sons.

"For we are the same that our fathers' have been;  
We see the same sights that our fathers have seen;  
We drink the same stream and we view the same sun,  
And run the same course that our fathers have run."

Your friend,  
JAMES HAGERMAN.

COL. WM. H. MERRITT, OF DES MOINES.

Who was editor of the *Miners' Express* at Dubuque, Register of Land Office at Fort Dodge, and led the Iowa 1st at Wilson's Creek in the late war.

HON. A. C. DODGE, and others,—Committee on invitations:  
Burlington, Iowa.

*Gentlemen:*—Your invitation to be present on the first of June and join your citizens in celebrating the Semi-Centennial Anniversary of the first settlement of Iowa, was duly received. When we consider the present population of Iowa, and its growth in material prosperity, the event is one which can not fail to excite profound interest with every citizen of Iowa; and it would afford me great pleasure to be present on the auspicious occasion, but other engagements intervene to prevent it.

Fifty years has reclaimed the valleys of the Upper Mississippi and Missouri from a savage wilderness, to civilization and refinement. The school, the church and countless towns and cities mark the places where the rustic tent afforded the temporary shelter to the rude savage, and the railroad has obliterated the Indian trail. The hand of industry has subdued the soil, and the crack of the rifle and the wild whoop of the red barbarian is answered by the sound of the ax, the anvil, and the click of countless machinery. Mighty changes have been wrought within this semi-centennial period, but who shall say that it is more than the first step towards a material progress which is to make Iowa the granery of the United States, and the center of a great North-West, destined speedily to become the center of political and commercial empire.

Gentlemen, accept my best wishes for the complete success of your noble undertaking, and believe me

Very truly yours,  
WM. H. MERRITT.

N. C. DEERING, M. C. FROM IOWA.

OSAGE, IOWA, May 30, 1833.

GEN. A. C. DODGE, Pres. etc.,—*My Dear Sir:*—On my return last evening from Fargo and other points north, I had the pleasure to find your complimentary invitation to attend the celebration in commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of Iowa.

Allow me to express to you the gratitude I feel for this kindly remembrance, and also regrets that ill health and prior engagements will prevent attendance. My heart will be in sympathy with the exercises on that pleasant occasion.

With good wishes and high esteem

Very truly yours.

N. C. DEERING.

### L. PARKHURST AND LADY.

A very early settler of Iowa, and who was married in Burlington.

DAVENPORT, May 30, 1883.

TO HON. A. C. DODGE—*Dear Sir*:—Please accept our thanks for your invitation to attend the Semi-Centennial Anniversary of the settlement of our thrifty and prosperous State. Much as I would like to attend, I cannot leave my home, our family at present being away.

We know you will have an enjoyable time, and we send you greetings and our sincere wishes for its ultimate and complete success.

Please present my wife and self to all enquiring friends and oblige,

As ever, your old remembered friends,

L. PARKHURST and LADY.

### HON. JAMES W. DAVIDSON.

MONMOUTH, ILL. May 31, 1883.

HON. A. C. DODGE—*My Dear Sir*:—I have your kind invitation to attend the Semi-Centennial Anniversary of the first settlement of your State for which, please accept my sincere thanks, and I know that you will believe me true when I assure you that no consideration could afford me a higher degree of pleasure than to comply with your kind invitation. I deeply regret to say that business engagements must prevent me availing myself of the honor, as well as the great pleasure of being with you and joining at least to some extent in the merry interesting exercises of the day, which marks the fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of your great and prosperous State. But a few years have passed since your state was a barren uninhabited waste unused to the methods of civilization, the broad prairies and grand old forests which had never yielded to the white man's plough or the woodman's ax. But it is true that even now, while doubtless many evidences still exist of savage life, while the Indian tracks have scarcely faded from the sands, your state has shown a career of prosperity and thrift almost unparalleled. It could scarcely be otherwise, however, possessed as it is of such splendid soil and magnificent rivers and forests, all made tributary to American industry, and will not fail to place Iowa among the first in point of wealth and intelligence.

Again thanking you for your kind remembrance of me, I have the honor to be

Truly Yours,

JAMES W. DAVIDSON.

MRS. M. M. ALDRICH.

One of the very first ladies who ever visited Iowa, and one of great respectability and moral worth.

WARSAW, Ill., May 31, 1883.

GEN. A. C. DODGE,  
Burlington, Iowa.

*Dear Friend:*—I fully intended to be in Burlington to-morrow, to attend the celebration; but indisposition will prevent me from going. I thought that as I was the second white woman who lived in Keokuk, I might rank as an old settler of Iowa.

I landed in Keokuk on the 2nd of July, 1827. At that time there were but three houses, humble cabins, where Keokuk now stands, and the wild roses covered the hills now trampled by the feet of thousands.

It would be a great pleasure for me to see and talk with you, and I hope you will visit us this summer. With many kind remembrances to your wife,

I remain your friend,

MRS. M. M. ALDRICH.

JUDGE H. B. HENDERSHOTT.

OTTUMWA, IOWA, June 1st, 1883.

HON. A. C. DODGE,  
Burlington, Iowa.

*Dear Sir:*—I most gratefully acknowledge the receipt of invitation to attend the Semi-Centennial Anniversary of the first settlement of Iowa. Having settled in Burlington on the 11th day of October, 1837, I should have been present and participated in the joys of the occasion, but circumstances were such that I could not. I now write to acknowledge my obligations to the committee, and to you individually for the recognition implied in the card sent me.

I am thankful that the day has been all that anxiety could have desired, and I have no doubt my old early Iowa home friends have grandly acquitted themselves on the occasion.

Your Friend and Ob't. Svt.

H. B. HENDERSHOTT.

REV. WM. CORBY.

President of the Notre Dame College, Ind., and also Watertown, Wis.

WATERTOWN, WIS., June 2nd, 1883.

GEN. A. C. DODGE—*Respected and Dear Friend:*—On my return from Milwaukee where I have been for some days on business. I find your esteemed favor inviting me to attend the semi-centennial anniversary of the first settlement of Iowa, held in Burlington June 1st. Allow me to return you sincere thanks for your kindness in remembering me.

This renews the recollection of the many kindnesses received from



friends in your truly spirited city. I hope to have the pleasure of seeing you all some day, and in the interim please extend my kindest regards to all—especially Mr. Mark Foote and family, and accept for yourself and esteemed family, my regard and affection.

Sincerely,

WM. CORBY.

### THE SEMI-CENTENNIAL POET.

The following letter from Eugene F. Ware, who was selected to read a poem at the celebration, explains why he was not present:

FORT SCOTT, KANSAS, June 2nd, 1883.

GEN. A. C. DODGE,

Burlington, Iowa:

*Dear General*—I am disappointed beyond all endurance, at my not being able to be with you yesterday. The case of Briggs vs. Latham was set for May 14. Witnesses came from all the Western States, and it hung on and hung on, and then the jury hung and I had to stay with it. There were several thousand dollars involved, and I was running the suit. I am so disappointed that I am almost sick.

I hope it did not greatly inconvenience you.

Yours very sincerely,

E. F. WARE.

### JAMES B. SMALLWOOD, OF BALTIMORE.

BALTIMORE, MD. June 5th, 1883.

HON. A. C. DODGE—*Dear Sir*:—The invitation to attend the Semi-Centennial anniversary of the first settlement of Iowa, June 1st, came duly to hand. I regret I was unable to accept the same, as it would not only have afforded me a most agreeable trip, but at the same time given me the extreme pleasure of meeting with, not only the warm friends of my own early youth and manhood, for no one holds a warmer place in my affections, than A. C. Dodge, and G. W. Jones; and while I regret my inability to be with you, I do not by any means despair at a very early date of meeting and greeting you under your own "vine and fig tree" and holding pleasant converse of days gone by.

I assure you dear General, it afforded me much pleasure to meet with Mr. Spencer in Cincinnati, as I found him one of the old time genial gentlemen,—but doubly so when I learned that he was not only your friend, but immediate neighbor,—I felt as though I was back in old Washington.

This day one year ago, I left Baltimore for California, to visit my old friend and foster father, ex-Senator Gwin. He did not know I was coming, and you have no idea General, how surprised and delighted he was to see me, when I walked into his library before breakfast, the

morning after I reached San Francisco. I went unannounced, and you can well imagine his amazement in looking up and seeing his little boy Jimmie, in the gray haired man before him. I was rejoiced to find the Dr. the same straight and giant-like man that he was when in the Senate. I had a charming visit and shall remember it with the deepest emotions of pleasure. I should like so much to visit you, and I shall I assure you before long, and sincerely pray that the Good Being will spare your life and health for many years.

With the warmest regards to yourself and family, and kind remembrances to Mr. Spencer, believe me,

Truly your devoted friend,  
JAMES B. SMALLWOOD.

Acknowledgements are due the *Hawkeye*, and the *Gazette*, of Burlington, and the *Democrat*, of Fort Madison, for extracts from their full reports of the proceedings.

The expenses of the celebration, and of the publication, (5,000 copies) were defrayed by the contributions of the people of Burlington, in appreciation of the great benefits they have received through the benignity of Providence from the settlement of Iowa.



